

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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THE HEAVENLY BLEND OF PURE CASHMERE PURE WOOL

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The nicest way of taking Halibut Oil

Keeps the family flourishing
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BRINGING YOU

Spain's best

From Jerez, in Southern Spain comes the Sherry for which Spain is so famous, and from which town indeed, this wine derives its very name.

Here you will find Williams & Humbert's Bodegas, where outstanding examples of Spanish Sherry are matured. DRY SACK, for instance, is world famous, while CARLITO and WALNUT BROWN are no less renowned.

The wine-ships sail regularly from Cadiz with Williams & Humbert's Sherries for homes, hotels and bars, from Putney to Peru — bringing you — wherever you are — *Spain's best*.



WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S
World Famous Sherries
SPAIN'S BEST

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT LTD., JEREZ-DE-LA-FRONTIERA, SPAIN

London House: 35 Seething Lane, E.C.3

*STATE EXPRESS 555—the best
Cigarettes in the World—for Christmas!
The very thought conjures up visions of
goodwill and expressions of appreciation.
These Presentation Packings will win
regard wherever they may go.*



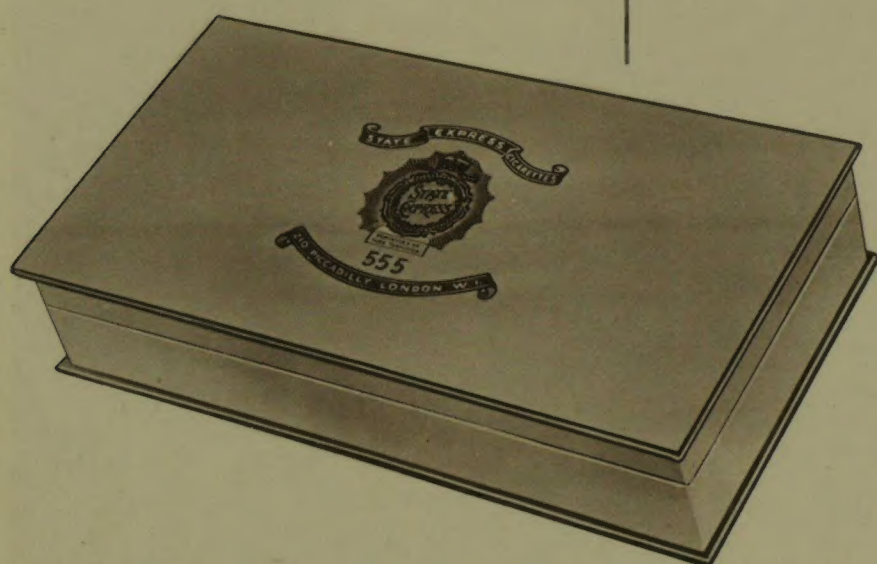
BY APPOINTMENT
ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD.
STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS
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$\frac{1}{2}$ -pint English Pewter Tankard.
Made in Sheffield. Hammered finish,
with glass base.
Containing airtight tin of
50 State Express 555 Cigarettes—27/6



Greetings Packings
of State Express 555.
In colourful outers with a picturesque
illustration of seasonable character.
50 State Express 555 Cigarettes—9/9½
100 State Express 555 Cigarettes—19/7



Presentation Cabinet.
Styled in traditional State Express 555
manner, this Cabinet
in primrose and gold contains
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THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

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There is particular pleasure in giving, and delight in receiving, a gift from Mappin and Webb's traditionally fine Christmas displays of Jewellery, Sterling Silver, Clocks, Watches, Fine Leather and Fancy Goods which you are cordially invited to inspect in surroundings ideal for thoughtful choice.

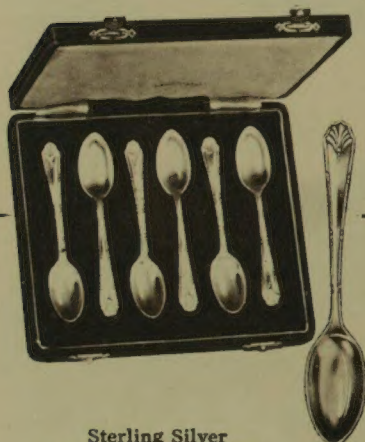


Sterling Silver
Electric Reading Lamp with Silk shade
Total height 15" £19.10.0

A helpful booklet—
'Presents for every Purpose'
will be gladly sent.



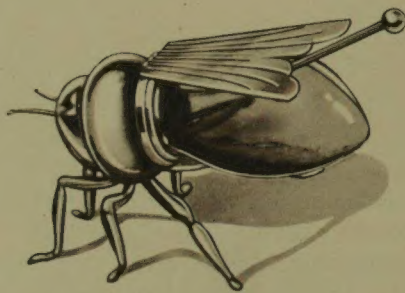
Sterling Silver
Sugar Dredger. Height 7"
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Sterling Silver
6 Afternoon Teaspoons
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Mappin Plate
Tea Strainer on Stand
£2.2.0



Mappin Plate
'Bee' Honey Pot with Spoon
Amber glass £7.2.6
Ruby glass £7.7.0



Mappin Plate
Ice Pail £6.2.6
Ice Tongs 16/-

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For the festive occasion...

Make friends
with
Martell

Of course—
Brandy for Christmas
means Martell

THREE STAR
(for the l-o-n-g drink)

CORDON BLEU
(fine Liqueur)



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

*The man who discovered what to give**for Christmas*

THERE WAS A MAN who had a daughter. And he thought that no-one else had a daughter half so kind and clever and lovely. And he wanted to give her a present that would make her eyes shine.

He puzzled for weeks. And suddenly he knew.

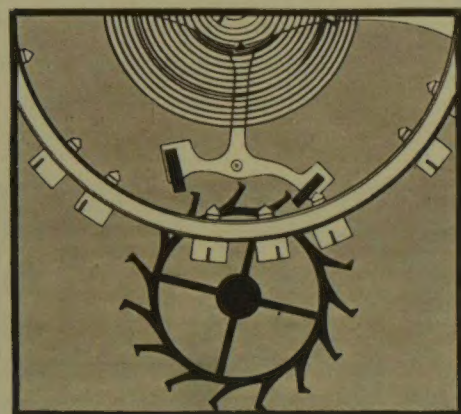
A beautiful watch would be exciting, her first jewellery, something she could be vain about.

A reliable and lasting watch would be something she could use a hundred times a day, every day, for many years.

A trustworthy jeweller showed him that good Swiss jewelled-lever watches, made by the world's best craftsmen, are watches like that.

So she became a very proud daughter.*

**The Swiss make men's watches just as carefully as women's.*



THE HEART OF A GOOD WATCH

432,000 times a day these two lever-hammers strike the escape-wheel teeth. Only if there's a jewel on the head of each can the hammers resist wear many years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.

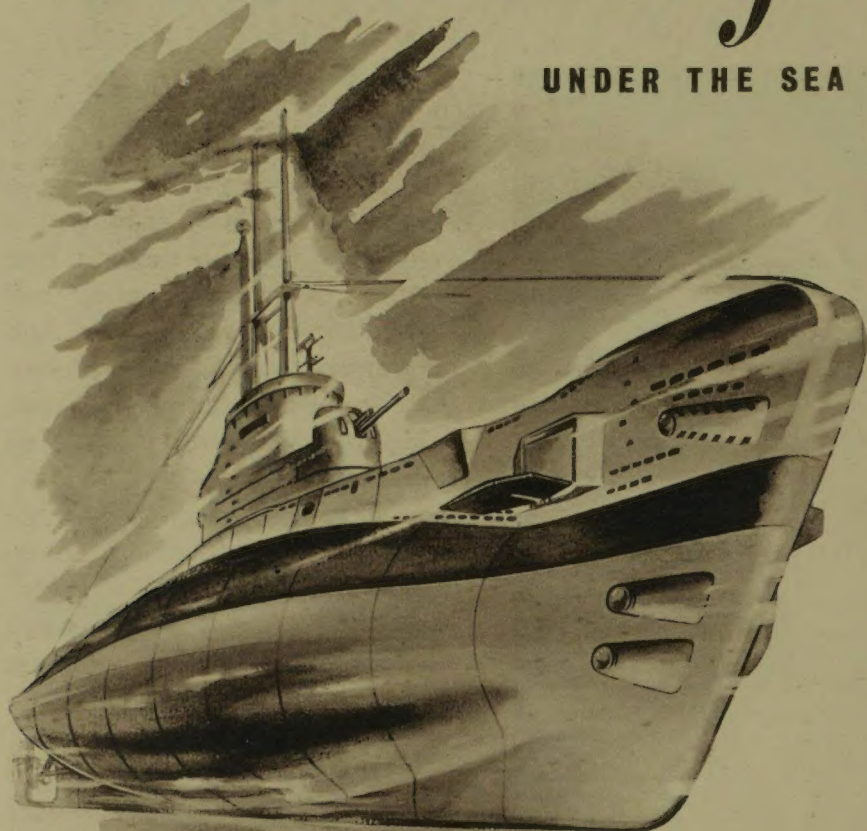
Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard



THE
WATCHMAKERS
OF
SWITZERLAND

after 17 days

UNDER THE SEA



... As your watch has undergone a very severe test of workmanship it seemed of interest to tell you what happened. It was dropped by an unfortunate accident into the casing of one of H.M. Submarines and subsequently given up for lost.

The submarine having to be docked for repairs after exercising gave me the opportunity to recover it, which I did. I was then informed by the Captain the submarine had dived to a depth of 200 ft. on numerous occasions over a period of two and a half weeks.

The watch was found lodged in the outer casing exposed to all elements and was found to be in working order.

Actual extract from unsolicited letter recently received. D.C.H. 22/2/54.

ROAMER

We do not suggest our watches are exposed to hazards as illustrated above but this incident does prove that the quality and workmanship of the ROAMER watch is unsurpassed.

CHROME STEEL £12. 5.0
GOLD FILLED £14. 12. 6



OUR CARE - YOUR CONFIDENCE



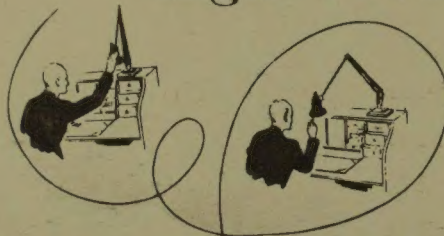
The most welcome gift of all!

20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle

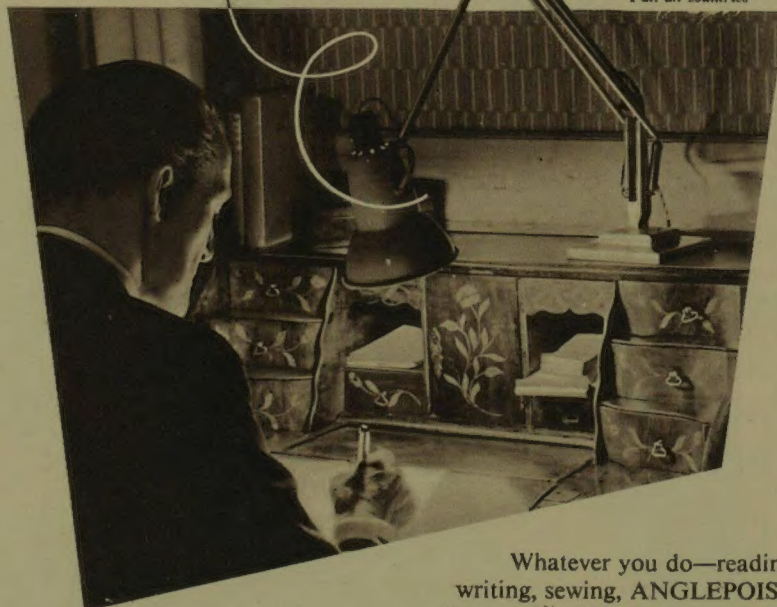
Also Magnums 40/-

New York Agents: EXCELSIOR WINE CO., 150 BROADWAY

*Light ... right where
you want it*



Pat. all countries



TERRY
Anglepoise
LAMP

Whatever you do—reading, writing, sewing, ANGLEPOISE, adjustable at a finger's flick, throws its concentrated beam at any angle—and stays put. Needs only a 25 or 40 watt bulb. Black, Cream and Cream-and-Gold. All Electricians or Stores from 98/4d. Send for Booklet to Dept. 11.

IT MOVES IN THE RIGHT CIRCLES

Sole Makers: HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD • REDDITCH • WORCS.

TA 38H

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

The massive steel shaft of an ENGLISH ELECTRIC water-driven turbo-alternator is hauled to the entrance of a cathedral-sized cavern carved out of a mountain in British Columbia. There, to produce power for aluminium smelting, men have turned a river back on its course, flooded valleys half the size of Wales, bored a tunnel ten miles through a mountain. At the heart of this tremendous project, ENGLISH ELECTRIC generating plant helps to produce the enormous electrical power needed.



bringing you

Vast quantities of electricity are essential for making aluminium. Already this light, strong metal has a thousand uses, and no end in sight . . . from wrapping foil to railway cars, from pots and pans to aircraft, power cables, bridge girders. In Great Britain as well as in Canada and other aluminium-producing countries throughout the world, ENGLISH ELECTRIC has provided generating plant, rectifiers, transformers and switchgear to make possible the production of this wonderful metal.



better living

YOU CAN NOW GIVE

THE FINEST PEN

IN THE WORLD

This is the Sheaffer

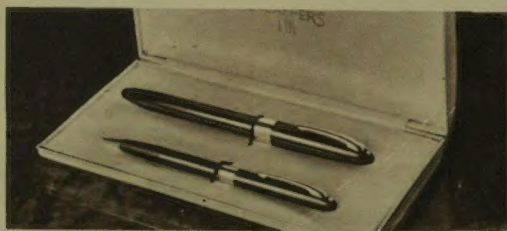
Seen in the hands of the most influential people in the world. Recognized instantly by its slim silhouette, by its unmistakable tubular nib, by the near-incredible "Snorkel".*

It's a masterpiece of precision engineering, this Sheaffer... Instantly ready, always, to flow your thoughts on to paper with the gliding, almost

frictionless touch of the Sheaffer nib.

Just to hold the Sheaffer in your hand, to know the feel of it—that's the first indication of the Sheaffer's worth.

Write with it and you'll discover why the world's most discerning people buy it at prices up to nine and a half guineas.



As a Christmas present, of course, it's the gift of a lifetime—for a lifetime. and it is now on sale in Great Britain.

SKRIP—the finest ink for the finest pens

AIR-SEALED INNER CAP

Air seal stops ink drying, keeps pen instantly ready for use. Innerspring safety clip.

14 CARAT GOLD FEATHERTOUCH POINT

A marvel of delicate precision and strength.

PNEUMATIC FILLER

A flick of a finger—instantaneous filling on the downstroke. Cleans, flushes itself automatically.

THE WORLD-FAMOUS *SNORKEL

Wiping nib, wiping barrel, a thing of the past! Snorkel tube reaches down, fills pen, retracts!

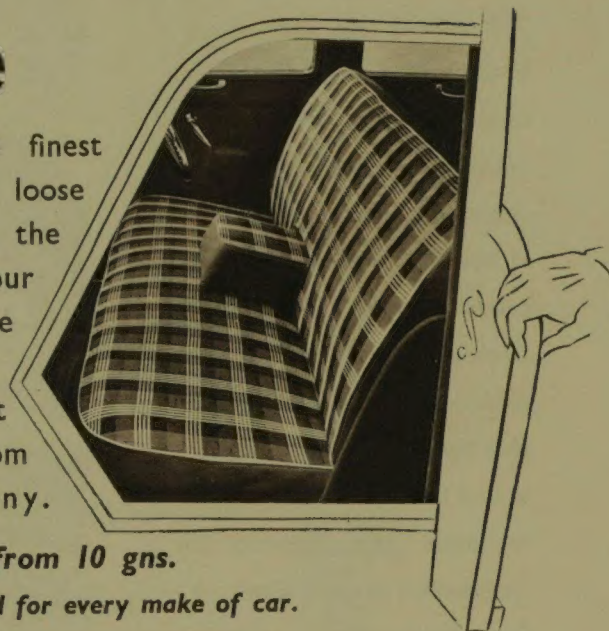
Sheaffer's

SNORKEL PENS FROM £3.7.6 TO NINE AND A HALF GUINEAS

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. (England) Ltd., Barnet, Herts • Gt. Britain • U.S.A. • Canada • Australia

Covers that catch the eye

Made from the finest materials, Oyler loose covers enhance the appearance of your car, increase the comfort of your seats and prevent your clothes from becoming shiny.



Prices from 10 gns.

Individually tailored for every make of car.

Write for prices and range of patterns stating make, year and H.P. of car.

OYLER & CO

THE CAR TAILORS

62F, New Cavendish Street, London, W.1.
Makers of car loose covers for more than 25 years.

FOG AHEAD!



SFT 700S

SFT 576

These shallow bowl Foglamps, designed to fit the limited frontal space on the modern car, have the famous Lucas "Flat topped" beam and are the most effective lamps in fog. Their optically designed "block pattern" lens, special reflector, prefocus bulb and bulb shield produce an exceptionally wide spread of light without upward or back glare.

SFT700S. 7½" Dia. — £4. 12. 6.
SFT576. 5½" Dia. — £4. 2. 6.

don't be caught OUT without a-

LUCAS

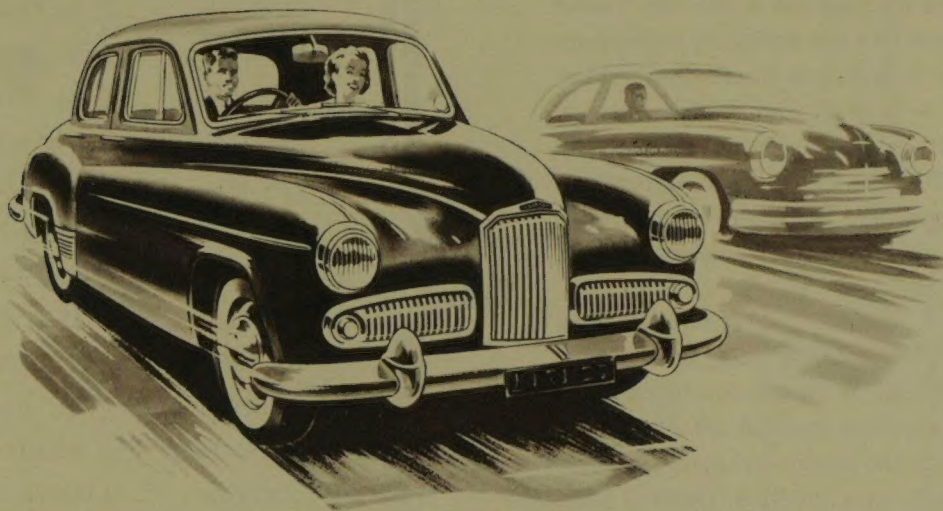
FOGLAMP

WITH THE FAMOUS "FLAT-TOPPED" BEAM

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GOOD GARAGES
BIRMINGHAM ENGLAND

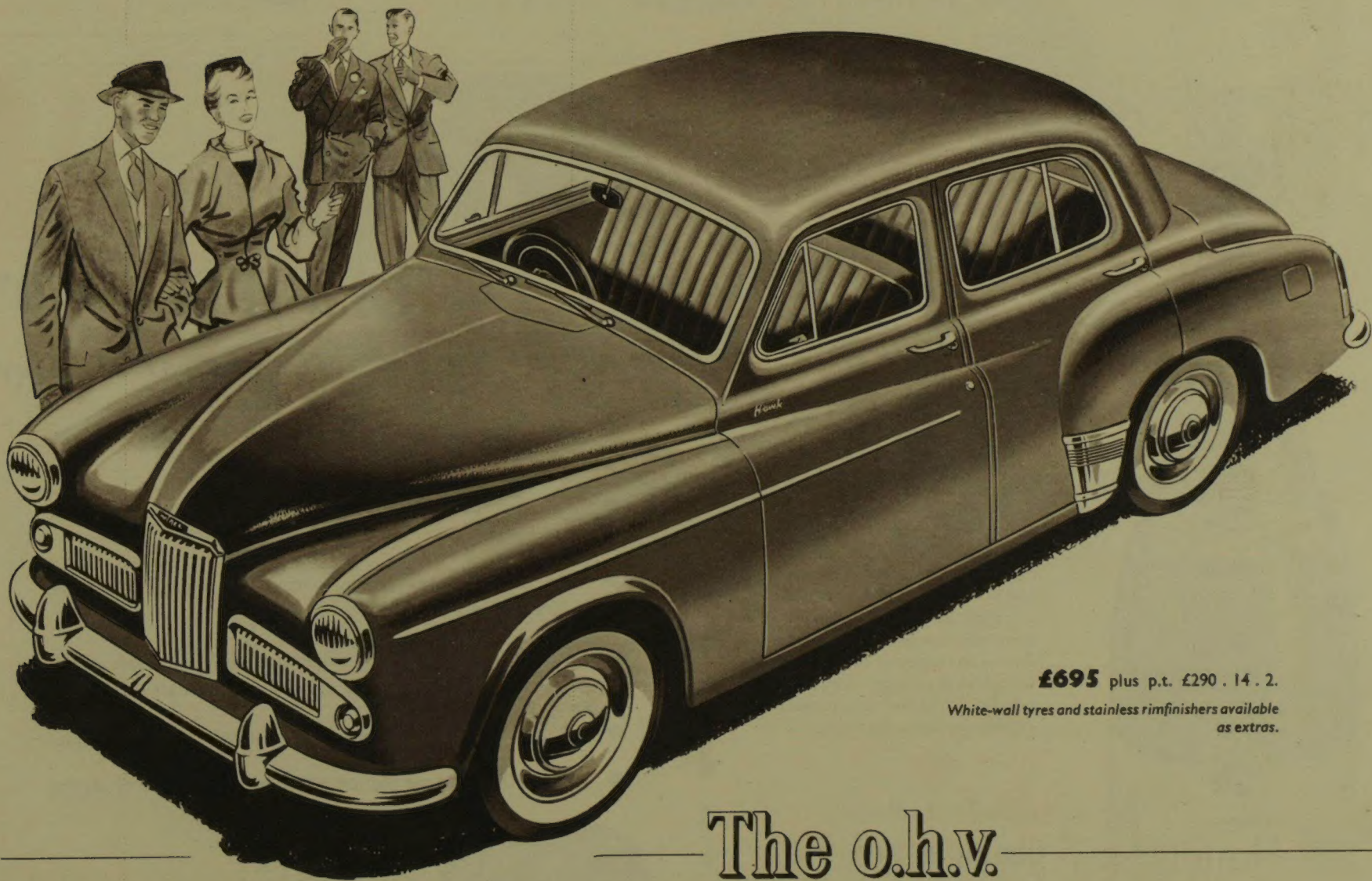
GO AHEAD BUY A HAWK!



The quick, live power of a 20% more powerful overhead valve engine giving vivid, exciting acceleration, is yours to command. All the luxury, the comfort, the built-in quality of a truly great car—and over 80 m.p.h! Larger brakes for greater safety and numerous detail refinements all for no extra cost! **AND WITH OVERDRIVE** (£45 plus p.t. £18.15.0) still more miles per gallon, still better top gear performance. Less engine wear too.

*PACKED
WITH POWER*

AND READY TO PROVE IT!



£695 plus p.t. £290 . 14 . 2.

White-wall tyres and stainless rimfinishers available as extras.



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TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURERS
HUMBER LTD.

The o.h.v.
HUMBER HAWK

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

fly **BEA** south to sunshine



BEA flies you to blue seas, blue skies, to romantic places where the winter sun shines bright and warm. Flying BEA means more time in the sun. You're there in a few hours, by turbo-prop Viscount or luxurious Elizabethan airliner — with all your foreign currency intact; or you can pick a sterling area. BEA flies you at speed, in comfort, without fuss — and at tourist return fares — to 16 southern sunshine centres.

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* Also Cheap Night Tourist Fare available.
† Sterling Areas.
¶ First Class Service.
(Fares are subject to alteration without notice.)

Champagne — for the gracious way of Life

Whilst it is agreeable to know that Dry Monopole Champagne continues to maintain world-wide popularity wherever good taste and pleasure meet, it is particularly heartening to learn that Dry Monopole is still accorded the highest esteem by those hosts and hostesses whose guests — diverse in character and conversation though they may be — are united in a sense of values and the possession of a finely discriminating taste.

Champagne **Dry Monopole**



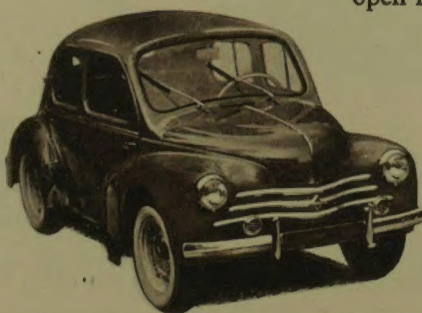
TWISS & BROWNINGS & HALLOWES LTD • SUFFOLK HOUSE • 5 LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL • LONDON • E.C.4



The RENAULT '750'

for big-car comfort with baby-car economy

- The roomiest car in the baby range, seats 4 adults comfortably within its wheelbase.
- Flat rear floor gives extra head and leg room for rear passengers.
- The most economical car to run. (50 m.p.g.—removable cylinder liners.)
- Independent four-wheel suspension and telescopic shock absorbers for exceptionally smooth riding on all surfaces.
- 4-cylinder O.H.V. engine—very stout-hearted, very flexible.
- This is the ideal car for use either in heavy traffic or on the open road.



RENAULT LIMITED, WESTERN AVENUE
LONDON, W.3

SHOWROOMS: 21 PALL MALL, S.W.1
Established in Great Britain since 1899
Distributors throughout the United Kingdom

In a 'dry martini'

better drink



Good Mixers

make it this way

Two-thirds Martini Dry

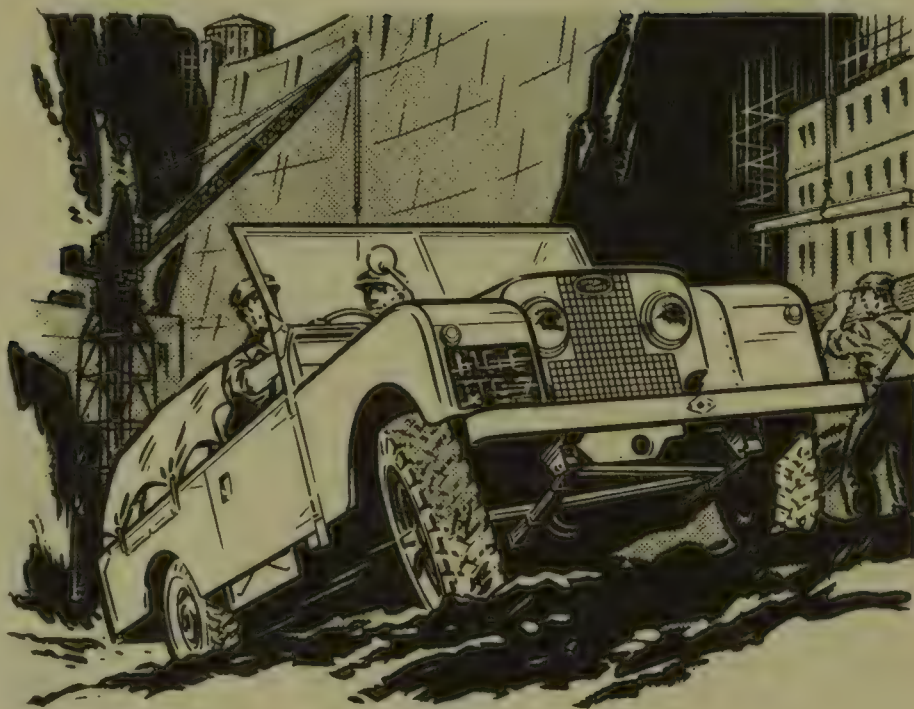
One-third Gin.

Stir well with ice.

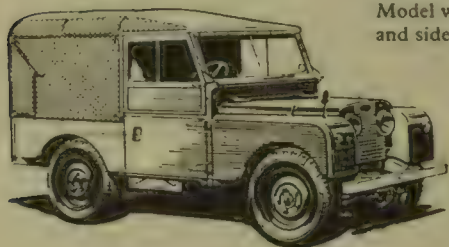
Strain and serve with olive in glass.

Glutton for punishment!

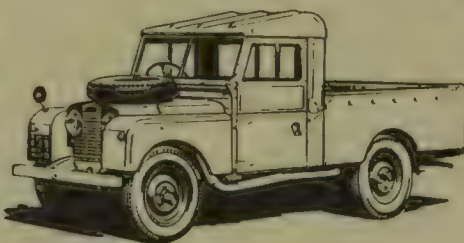
All over the world the name of 'Land-Rover' stands for versatility, endurance, *toughness*. That 4-wheel drive gets through . . . anywhere . . . anytime. And now the powerful 52 B.H.P. engine has been still further improved. New long-life features have been incorporated . . . spread bore cylinder arrangement . . . copper-lead bearings . . . full-flow oil filter. The Land-Rover goes from strength to strength!



86" Wheelbase Standard Model with detachable hood and side-screens.



The Land-Rover 107" Wheelbase Pick-up Truck.



The **LAND-ROVER**
can take it!

MADE BY THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED · SOLIHULL · BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · LONDON

CVS-104



For the man who
wants the best that
money can buy

SLI.157E

This battery is designed and made for the private motorist who is willing to pay a little more for the best that money can buy. With it he gets an *Exide guarantee* which is unconditional and means what it says. Two years' service or a new 'Double-Life' battery free.

Exide
'DOUBLE-LIFE'
CAR BATTERIES

A PRODUCT OF CHLORIDE BATTERIES LIMITED

FULL AIRWORTHINESS FOR A BIG HELICOPTER



A Certificate of Airworthiness in all categories, including passenger carrying on air-lines, has been issued for the Westland S-55 Whirlwind Helicopter. This is the Helicopter chosen by British European Airways for their forthcoming passenger service between the centre of London and London Airport. The issue by the Air Registration Board of this certificate for these commercial operations gives Westland Aircraft Limited the distinction of being the first and the only Helicopter constructor to hold British Certificates of Airworthiness for two separate types of Helicopter in production at the same time.

**WESTLAND
HELICOPTERS**

WESTLAND AIRCRAFT LIMITED · YEOVIL · SOMERSET

Built in Yeovil from British materials to British design standards

“...and one for the HOME!”



There is only
one BEST



MAXIMUM PRICES IN U.K.

Bottle 33/9 • Half Bottle 17/7 • Qtr. Bottle 9/2 • Miniature 3/7



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GIN DISTILLERS TO
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES
LIMITED

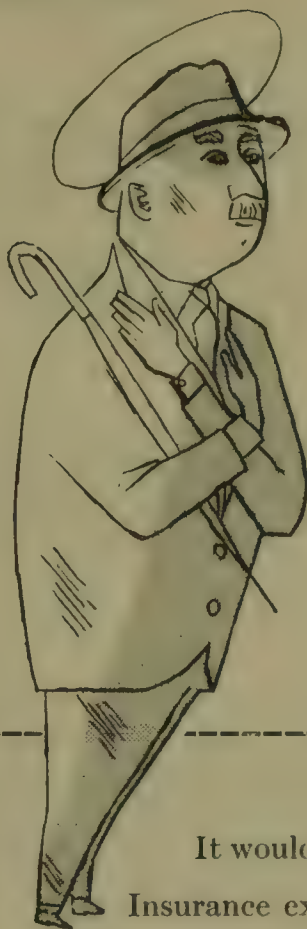
Please send
a Christmas Gift to the
**IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH
FUND**

Patron — HER MOST
GRACIOUS MAJESTY
THE QUEEN

President — The Rt. Hon. The
EARL of HALIFAX,
K.G., P.C.

Dependent upon voluntary gifts, without State aid, the Fund is under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England. In addition to the continuous and systematic research in up-to-date laboratories at Mill Hill, London, the work is being extended in new laboratories at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Gifts should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer,
Mr. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S., at Royal College
of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.



Neither
saints nor
sages . . .

It would be idle to pretend that the Insurance expert is a man of ferocious piety or formidable wisdom. What he essentially is—is a man who knows his job and knows his responsibilities.

He knows that Insurance, cornucopia of many millions of pounds, must pour out its fruitful funds cautiously. *He* is investing *your* money—usefully, but shrewdly.

He knows that Insurance, in the cover it affords, is the vast umbrella that protects individuals and enterprises against the rainy days—unexpected and unfortunate as they always are.

More still, he knows that Insurance has a meaning for *you*—a meaning that conveys a sense of security *plus* all those good things that savings provide—a better house, better education for the family . . . and so on, and so on.

This homily points a moral. Insurance is being responsibly, resourcefully—yes, even creatively—handled by practical people with *your* interests in the forefront of their minds.

Britain's Insurance Offices

CRESTA! VELOX! WYVERN!

Three brilliant new
Vauxhalls

The new Vauxhalls are lovelier to look at; more delightful to drive; better than ever in performance and comfort and value. See them at your Vauxhall dealers. Judge for yourself the new styling, inside and out, the new instrument panel, the new ventilating system, the radiant new colours. All three Vauxhalls are spacious 5/6 seaters. All have long-life "square" engines.

THE 6-CYLINDER VELOX

Outstanding performance with unusually good economy. 2½ litre "square" engine. Choice of seven attractive exterior colours. Maximum speed over 80 m.p.h. Exceptional top gear performance. Price £535 plus £224.0.10 PT

THE 4-CYLINDER WYVERN

Outstanding economy with unusually good performance. 1½ litre "square" engine now available with optional high compression ratio (7.3 to 1). Maximum speed over 70 m.p.h. Price £495 plus £207.7.6 PT



**The Sparkling
New Cresta**

The new Vauxhall luxury model. All the verve of the VeloX, plus added luxury in styling and appointments. Choice of 11 colours, including 4 two-colour options. Leather upholstery. Over 20 "accessories" fitted as standard equipment. Price £595 plus £249.0.10 PT

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1954.



THE SUPREME PONTIFF, WHOSE ILLNESS HAS CAUSED ANXIETY TO ROMAN CATHOLICS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD:
HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII, WHO WAS ELECTED POPE IN 1939.

It was announced on November 29 that the Pope, who is seventy-eight, had been stricken with a gastric disturbance for the second time this year and was confined to his bed at the Vatican. On December 2 there was more serious news, and an announcement from the Vatican stated that he had suffered a collapse as the result of an internal complaint. Subsequent bulletins, however, announced improvement in his condition and gave "grounds for good hope." Special prayers and

services were held in Rome and elsewhere for the Pope's recovery, and on December 5 a Mass at the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore was attended by the whole of the Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Holy See. On the same evening his Holiness, who had maintained the improvement observed on the two previous days, was able to broadcast briefly from his bed to those gathered in St. Peter's for the beatification of Placido Riccardi. [Portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.]

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

LIKE thousands of others, I have been struck by the brilliance, and at times by the profundity, of that unconventional writer on matters economic, Mr. George Schwartz. He often makes one laugh by the unexpected light he throws on the popular assumptions of the hour, and occasionally even makes one think: a rare exercise for any Englishman! For the Englishman's most notable trait—in practical matters often a most useful one—is his capacity for taking things for granted, and this indubitable political virtue is usually accompanied by a strong aversion to thinking about first principles. After all, if one is in step with the others and finds it easy to keep step, why worry about who set the step or the direction of the march? "The more we are together," goes the old song, "the happier we shall be!" But Mr. Schwartz seems inclined to render this: "The more we are together, the sillier we shall be!"

For this original economist is seldom in step with contemporary economic thought. At times he reminds one of those small urchins who in my boyhood, in the rough, unregenerate London of good King Teddy's day, could sometimes be seen prancing backwards in front of a marching brass-band wickedly sucking lemons in the hope that the spectacle might deprive the magnificently-arrayed trumpeters and cornet-players behind of their capacity to blow! Only the other day Mr. Schwartz began his weekly commentary on the bread-and-butter science with a wicked verse which I think must have been written by himself, for it read:

"There are thousands of poor men
Who only earn ten pounds a week,
Who only get four meals a day,
And nothing else to eat."

De Profundis.

And the theme to which this irreverent text was the prelude was the ingratitude of modern man for the good things he had inherited from the past and the arrogance of his conviction that he was entitled to a high standard of living as a matter of right. "Do you," he asked, "ever meet anyone who thanks God or anyone else for a roof over his or her head?" For rent in this country is now largely regarded, not as a form of repayment to the man who originally provided the house, but as an unjustifiable and almost intolerable extortion. "What scholars should concern themselves with to-day," Mr. Schwartz went on, "is an explanation for the congenital ingratitude and ingrained disgruntlement which affect the bulk of mankind." * And he added a sly suggestion that the current hymnology of praise and thanksgiving at a contemporary American Thanksgiving Day—a celebration popularly supposed to have been founded to commemorate the gratitude of the Pilgrim Fathers for their first harvest—would probably range from "Buddy, can you spare a dime" to "We've been robbed." "I wager," he wrote, "that of the hundred million and more adults called upon last Thursday to render thanks in a land with the highest standard of living recorded in history, 99·8 per cent. are convinced that they can barely manage to live on what they get and that somebody is doing them out of something."

This may or may not be true of contemporary America—for I have never been there and do not know—but it certainly seems so of contemporary Britain. Almost our entire population under middle-age has been brought up on the beguiling but dangerous humanitarian creed that arose out of the indignation provoked by nineteenth-century capitalist injustice and exploitation. Scarcely anyone now seems to remember that such exploitation was merely the reverse side of the titanic industry, courage and thrift of nineteenth-century capitalists, many of whom were drawn from the same class as those they exploited. On the whole, the nation was enriched, not impoverished, by what we call capitalism; most of the comforts and material amenities that we now enjoy could not have been achieved without it. The Welfare State and the Fabian doctrine alike were raised on the shoulders of the Gradgrinds. "The previous century," Mr. Schwartz observes, "was the

period for tooling up. Grandfather did all the pioneer and donkey work, and how his descendants express their thanks can be seen in contemporary social histories . . . under the heading *Tolpuddle and Tonypandy*, see under *Massacres*. However, the stuff is now coming off the assembly line, indulgently supervised by workers who don't have to soil their finger-tips but still labour under the grievance that it has to be paid for in the shops." "And how," he asks, with mocking indignation, "do you account for the fact that the bigger the margin for luxuries, the louder the complaint about the cost of necessities? How do you account for the fact that the shorter the working week, the bigger the complaint about any overtime? How do you account for the fact that as soon as a community is rich enough not to depend upon child labour, it grudges the cost of rearing children? How do you account for the fact that crime and prostitution, supposedly the outcome of poverty and unemployment, flourish mightily with prosperity and full employment?"

Our medieval Christian ancestors had an answer and a word for it. They called it Original Sin. That, indeed, is what we all suffer from. The trouble nowadays is that we have almost completely forgotten the fact and make assumptions about ourselves and our fellows that are wholly unwarranted by our natures. Not only are we weak, lazy, silly and what antiquated moralists used to call sinful, but we suffer, too, from what they also called Adam's curse. That is, by the circumstances of our earthly lot we have to work or perish. This also we have forgotten as a result of the labour-saving machines with which our forbears' industry and thrift endowed us. Yet, man being what he is, the more we have, the more we want, and so the only result of our increased productivity is the contemporary clamour for more consumable wealth. As Mr. Schwartz says, it was not till Western man "was being raised above subsistence level that he began to complain and believe that he was being driven below it. As soon as he got jam on his bread, he took his bread for granted and discarded the Lord's Prayer. 'Give us this day our daily subsidy!'"

The fact is—and this is where humanitarian economics can prove so dangerous—mankind is entitled to nothing but what it can create out of the earth's resources by its own ingenuity and labour. If the ingenuity and labour for any reason flag, mankind, however crying its need and pitiful its plight, will get nothing and suffer terribly. It may be all very cruel and shocking, but the world was made on that principle and, if man ignores it or supposes it to be otherwise, he is in for trouble. There seem only two cures for his incorrigible instinct when things go well with him to sit back on his hunkers and do nothing. One is the fate that ultimately befalls him when he does. The other is his awareness that such a fate is about to befall unless he pulls himself together and strives to avert it. The first might be described as the judgment of God, the second as the fear of God. At the moment it looks as though Western man has forgotten the second and has still to experience the first. The choice, in other words, is still in our hands. It may not be so much longer.

The British people, like the American people, are as capable of honest work and honest dealing as any known to history. They enjoyed in the past a splendid

reputation for industry, integrity of workmanship and dependability. It was this more than anything else that made them rich. But those virtues were engendered by a faith that was formerly at the root of their being and at present is there, or so it would appear, no longer. That faith sprang from a sense of God's greatness and goodness and of man's impotence and frailty. It was very largely their consequent humility and grasp of reality that caused our ancestors to labour so strenuously. If we want to remain rich and to ensure material comfort and well-being for all, we shall have to recover a similar faith. The copybook-headings that proclaimed that the fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom and that the idle apprentice must perish horribly may have been unenlightened and barbarous by twentieth-century standards, but they happened to be true. Samuel Smiles and the Victorians were right after all!



DR. D. F. MALAN'S SUCCESSOR AS PRIME MINISTER OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA: MR. JOHANNES GERHARDUS STRYDOM, WHO WAS ELECTED LEADER OF THE NATIONALIST PARTY ON NOVEMBER 30. THE NAMES OF THE MEMBERS OF HIS CABINET WERE ANNOUNCED ON DECEMBER 2.

Dr. Malan, whose resignation as Prime Minister took effect at midnight on November 30, has been succeeded by Mr. Strydom, formerly Minister of Lands and Irrigation in the South African Cabinet. Mr. Strydom was elected Leader of the Nationalist Party after a one-and-a-half hour meeting of the Party caucus in the Raadsdaal on November 30. Mr. N. C. Havenga, who was Minister of Finance, and Dr. Malan's own choice as his successor, was nominated, but withdrew, so no vote was taken. Later the Governor-General, Dr. E. G. Jansen, invited Mr. Strydom to form a Ministry. The new Prime Minister, who is sixty-one, was born at Willowmore, in the Cape Province. He became a successful cattle farmer in the Transvaal and in 1929 was elected as National Party member for Waterberg, where he was Chairman of the Agricultural Association; and since 1934 he has devoted his time to politics. Mr. Strydom, who will be attending the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London at the end of January, has announced that he will separate the office of Prime Minister from that of Minister of External Affairs as soon as the necessary legislation has been adopted.

* *Sunday Times*, November 28, 1954. George Schwartz: "For This Thy Bounty."

A NEW BRITISH OPERA: SIR WILLIAM WALTON'S "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA" AT COVENT GARDEN.



OVERHEARD BY PANDARUS (PETER PEARS; RIGHT, BEHIND COLUMN): CRESSIDA (MAGDA LASZLO) MAKING HER APPEAL TO CALKAS (FREDERICK DALBERG) NOT TO DESERT TO THE GREEKS. EVADNE (MONICA SINCLAIR) STANDS IN THE CENTRE.



GIVING THE TOKEN OF FIDELITY TO CRESSIDA (MAGDA LASZLO; CENTRE, L.) BEFORE SHE IS TAKEN TO THE GREEK CAMP: TROILUS (RICHARD LEWIS; LEFT) WITH EVADNE (MONICA SINCLAIR) AND PANDARUS (PETER PEARS; RIGHT).



AS CALKAS, HIGH PRIEST OF PALLAS AND FATHER OF CRESSIDA, IN THE COVENT GARDEN PRODUCTION OF "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA": MR. FREDERICK DALBERG.



DECLARING HIS LOVE FOR CRESSIDA (MAGDA LASZLO), THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG TROJAN WIDOW: TROILUS, PRINCE OF TROY (RICHARD LEWIS).



AS PANDARUS, THE GO-BETWEEN, A CHARACTER WHICH HE PRESENTS WITH GREAT SKILL: MR. PETER PEARS IN THE NEW WALTON OPERA.



DIOMEDE, PRINCE OF ARGOS, WOOS CRESSIDA IN THE GREEK ENCAMPMENT: MR. OTAKAR KRAUS AND MISS MAGDA LASZLO.



CRESSIDA, THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER OF CALKAS, THE TROJAN PRIEST: MISS MAGDA LASZLO IN THE FIRST ACT.



IN THE GREEK CAMP: CALKAS (FREDERICK DALBERG) CHIDES CRESSIDA (MAGDA LASZLO) FOR REPULSING DIOMEDE.

The eagerly-awaited world *première* of Sir William Walton's opera, "Troilus and Cressida," with libretto by Mr. Christopher Hassall, and scenery by Sir Hugh Casson, took place at Covent Garden on December 3, with Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting. The opera was originally commissioned by the B.B.C. for broadcasting, but the composer decided, with the consent of the Corporation, that the work should be composed for the theatre. The libretto does not follow either Shakespeare or Chaucer, but presents Cressida as a young woman carried into the Greek camp by mischance and treachery and there made to believe that Troilus

has forgotten her; and urged by her father to accept Diomedes. The music, vigorous, dramatic and rhythmically inventive, is typical of Walton, and though there is no attempt at any innovation—formal or harmonic—the composer has created a moving, tragic drama, with a great soprano rôle. The first performance was extremely well sung and conducted. Mr. Peter Pears, who rose from a sick bed to take part, gave a brilliant reading of the odious but amusing Pandarus. Miss Magda Laszlo and Mr. Richard Lewis roused admiration in the leading rôles, and the chorus was massively effective.



THE CRUEL SEA TAKES ITS TOLL: THE LOSS OF THE P. & O. CARGO SHIP *TRESILLIAN*, WITH 24 OF HER CREW,

The P. & O.-owned cargo ship *Tresillian* (7373 tons), bound for Avonmouth with a cargo of Canadian grain (but operating under the auspices of the Hain Steamship Co. Ltd., with their crew of forty manning the ship), was lost on the night of November 29-30 in St. George's Channel, with heavy loss of life. Shortly after leaving Montreal the ship developed a slight list and during the voyage heavy seas fractured her rudder. During the night of Monday, November 29, the gales hammered her so heavily that the list to port increased and water reached her engine-room. Despite the efforts of the captain and crew in shifting oil-fuel to starboard, the list increased and she rapidly became a helpless, waterlogged wreck, down by the bows. After the decision to abandon ship had been reached, attempts were made to lower the boats but several were smashed and one had to be cut away, but floated in the sea. At about 6.30 a.m. on November 30 it was every man for himself, many of the crew jumping into the sea; and it was about this time that the captain (Captain Winter) was lost. By this time the Shell tanker *Liparus* (6473 tons), under the command of Captain C. R. Kerr, had arrived on the scene and circled the wreck. She got her starboard motor-boat away safely and began to pick up some of the men

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF CAPTAIN



IN ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL, WITH THE TANKER *LIPARUS* RESCUING SURVIVORS IN HER MOTOR-BOAT.

in the water and others from a waterlogged lifeboat. By this time another ship, the *Ardglen* (1044 tons), had arrived on the scene, which picked up four survivors and three dead; and later the Royal Mail steamer *Perma*, the *Floristan* and the Irish lifeboat *Dunmore East* also reached the scene, and the *Maskeiya* (8000 tons), of Liverpool, picked up ten bodies with life-belts on. Between 9 and 10 a.m. the *Tresillian* capsized and later sank. The Irish naval corvette *Maeve*, with doctors on board, was sent out to intercept *Liparus*, but the gale was so fierce that the transfer of the twelve survivors and one body picked up by *Liparus* could only be effected in shelter at Cobh (Queenstown). They were later taken to Cork. In all, twenty-four of the crew, including the captain and senior officers, were feared lost. Our drawing shows the tanker *Liparus* in the foreground circling the sinking wreck. In the middle distance the tanker's starboard motor-boat is picking men out of the water, a damaged lifeboat from *Tresillian* can be seen near her stern, and a very heavy sea is running, the time being between 7 and 8 a.m. *Ardglen*, out of sight off the starboard bow of *Tresillian*, was coming into the rescue but lies beyond the left limit of the drawing.

C. R. KERR, OF THE SHELL TANKER "*LIPARUS*," AND THE HAIN STEAMSHIP CO. LTD.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A MEMORIAL, A DISASTER AND OTHER NEWS.



FIRST OF THE LARGER MEMORIALS BEING ERECTED IN THE FAR EAST BY THE IMPERIAL WAR GRAVES COMMISSION: THE SAIWAN BAY MEMORIAL SEEN FROM THE CEMETERY.

The Saiwan Bay Memorial, Hong Kong, to commemorate 2056 men of the Commonwealth Land Forces who died during the defence of Hong Kong, December 1941, or later in captivity is a shelter with a semicircular forecourt, and openings leading to the interior, where the names are recorded. It stands at the entrance



TO BE UNVEILED BY SIR ALEXANDER GRANTHAM, GOVERNOR AND C-IN-C., HONG KONG: THE SAIWAN BAY MEMORIAL TO 2056 MEN WHO DIED IN THE DEFENCE OF HONG KONG.

to the Saiwan Cemetery, where 1540 men of all forces lie. The British Legion is contemplating the organisation of a pilgrimage of relatives for the unveiling ceremony by Sir Alexander Grantham, Governor and C-in-C., Hong Kong, on February 20, 1955. Relatives of those commemorated will be informed.



THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND WEST GERMANY AT WEMBLEY STADIUM ON DECEMBER 1: SIR ANTHONY EDEN, THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, GREETING THE GERMAN TEAM.

The Association Football match between the England team, captained by W. Wright (Wolverhampton Wanderers), and the West German side at Wembley Stadium on December 1, was witnessed by a crowd of 100,000, who had paid £51,716 to see the contest. It was the sixth time Germany had played England and



BEFORE THE MATCH: THE RIVAL CAPTAINS, W. WRIGHT, ENGLAND (WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS) AND J. POSIPAL, GERMANY.

their first visit to Wembley. They came as reigning champions of the world, though the team only contained three players who were in the side which beat the Hungarians in the World Cup final in Switzerland this year—Posipal, the captain, Kohlmeier and Liebrich. England won by 3 goals to 1.



THE END OF THE POST-WAR BAN ON GERMAN FLYING: TWO OF THE CONVAIR AIRLINERS WHICH WILL FORM THE NUCLEUS OF THE NEW LUFTHANSA, AT HAMBURG.

On November 9 an Allied spokesman announced that Germany had been given permission to import and start flying training on four Convair airliners, to form the nucleus of the future German airline Lufthansa. Two of the aircraft have arrived at Hamburg Airport from America.



AFTER THE CRASH AT WILSELE: THE WRECKED SPECIAL TRAIN, CARRYING GERMAN FOOTBALL ENTHUSIASTS HOME AFTER THE ENGLAND-WEST GERMAN MATCH.

A special train carrying enthusiasts who had attended the England-West Germany Association football match at Wembley was derailed on December 2 outside Louvain. Nineteen people were feared dead and twenty-eight injured. No members of the German team were on the train.



PAYING TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE CREW OF THE WRECKED *SOUTH GOODWIN* LIGHTSHIP, WHICH CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND: WREATHS BEING LAID ON THE WATER NEAR THE GOODWIN SANDS AFTER A MEMORIAL SERVICE ON BOARD THE WALMER AND RAMSGATE LIFEBOATS ON DECEMBER 3.



NOW CONTINUING THE CEASELESS GUARD OVER THE TREACHEROUS GOODWINS: THE REPLACEMENT FOR THE WRECKED *SOUTH GOODWIN* LIGHTSHIP SEEN AT HARWICH, BEFORE BEING TOWED TO ITS STATION BY THE TRINITY HOUSE TENDER, *VESTAL*, WHICH CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

THE *SOUTH GOODWIN* LIGHTSHIP DISASTER: A MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR VICTIMS; AND THE REPLACEMENT LIGHTSHIP.

On Friday, December 3, wreaths were laid on the water near the Goodwin Sands for the seven victims of the *South Goodwin* lightship who lost their lives when the vessel was wrecked some six miles from its anchorage at the height of the great gale on the night of November 26-27. A memorial service, attended by relatives of the missing men, was held on board the Walmer and Ramsgate lifeboats within sight of the wrecked lightship. One of the wreaths was from Mr. R. Murton, the only survivor of the disaster. Immediately the loss of the lightship became

known, arrangements were made for a replacement vessel to be towed to the Goodwin Sands to maintain the ceaseless guard. This vessel can be seen, in the lower photograph on this page, before it was towed away from Harwich by the Trinity House tender *Vestal*. Men can be seen painting the words "*South Goodwin*" on her side. The Mayor of Deal and the Mayor of Ramsgate have issued an appeal for a distress fund to help dependants of the crew of the wrecked lightship. An enquiry into the loss is being held by the Elder Brethren of Trinity House.

"MOST INDIVIDUAL AND BEWILDERING GHOST."

"PORTRAIT OF BARRIE"; By CYNTHIA ASQUITH.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

FOR almost the last twenty years of his life J. M. Barrie had as confidential secretary Lady Cynthia Asquith, born at Charteris of the Wemyss family. The conjunction was accidentally made. She could neither use a typewriter nor do shorthand. But he was overwhelmed by correspondence—idiots from all over the world wrote to him asking what it was that "Every Woman Knows" (which, roughly, is that all men are babies)—and he wanted somebody who could open all his letters, and whom he could utterly trust. She coped with that difficult midget during all that time, sometimes in that extraordinary flat over the Thames in the Adelphi, and sometimes in her parents' lovely home in the Cotswolds, where he took possession of large house-parties, organized plays for the children, and compelled the grown-ups to play childish games. Most of his major works, novels and plays had been written before she took him on. During her period he wrote "Mary Rose" and then "The Boy David," which was his last attempt to achieve greatness, and which, to his great distress, fell flat. His time of great production was over, and his time of general sociability. No longer did he happily lead his literary cricket eleven, The Allahakbarries, on to village greens; his public appearances had become more solemn—taking the chair at Charity dinners and delivering Rectoral addresses. And, although he hadn't become a hermit, he had developed an intense dislike of making appointments ahead: "when the time comes I may not want to go."

The younger Barrie was probably much livelier, less irritable, less prone to fits of melancholy. To one who knew him only during the later phase his face, when in repose, was as sad as it could be. Lady Cynthia has not attempted a life. What she has done is to assemble, with only moderate attention to chronicle sequence, a revealing jumble of memories, diary notes, extracts from letters and speeches, which leave the reader at the end with the feeling that he himself has been familiar with Barrie and privy to his moods and eccentricities. Perhaps, for the benefit

apparently self-centred. In all probability his wife's decampment was to him doubly distressing because it was more than ordinarily humiliating, and he had been aware of quite enough slings and arrows before that.



J. M. BARRIE WITH HIS MOTHER, "THE MARGARET OGILVIE HE HAD MADE WORLD-FAMOUS BY THE BOOK OF THAT NAME."



J. M. BARRIE AT THE AGE OF SIX.

of the uninstructed, she might have given more than the slight hint which she does give of the circumstances of the break-up of his marriage. I don't say this because of any liking for scandal, but because I think a bare summary of the episode would help people to sympathize with someone who was enormously successful, famous all over the world, very rich, and covered with honours, and yet moody and

To begin with he had, like one of Gissing's heroes, been "born in exile." It is true that he passed from the "wee but and ben" to Edinburgh University: how, I know not, but the irresistible ascent of Scotsmen in the world has always been beyond my comprehension. Yet, though he achieved the University, he must have had a wearing time there. "He declared," says Lady Cynthia, "that while at Edinburgh University, he had subsisted almost entirely on potatoes which he kept in a sack in his bedroom, and that when he first came to London—a step taken on the strength of having had a few articles accepted by *The Pall Mall Gazette*—he ate very little except buns, and had often felt very lonely; also, that once when a tooth came out he hammered it into position again with the wooden back of his hair-brush." This last item I take with a grain of salt; it may merely be a piece of that sentimental whimsicality with which some Scotsmen are prone to stir the feelings of Southrons, though not of each other. But great poverty he certainly knew. So have others, and borne it with determination and a belief in ultimate victory; Barrie's intimate acquaintance with Courage was revealed in his celebrated address on the subject—and it must be added the brave and simple men of action, soldiers and sailors, usually felt a strong affinity with the little man. With Barrie as well as the constriction of life which poverty involves, but which is surmountable, there was another handicap which could never be surmounted: wherever he went he knew he would be the smallest man. Starting life (as he must have done) with the feeling that he was "different from other people" in rather an agreeable way, he was gradually forced to realize that he was also different in a far less agreeable way. Mentally I don't think that he ever was, as journalists used to suggest, himself "Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up": in that regard he was born elderly. But, physically, the description is painfully true of him, and the self-conscious Barrie was always aware of it, and it hurt.

Compensations there were, of course. The wife had no successor; but the place of the child he never had was taken by five adopted sons, left by a friend's widow—sons for whom Peter Pan was written. And, although he never knew how to run a good table, until Lady Cynthia came along and stopped the cook-housekeeper producing, for grand occasions, single oysters on toast, the potato-and-bun stage was quickly left behind. When, and none too soon, she began grubbing into drawers and cupboards in order to sort, stack, or destroy the neglected hoards of half

a lifetime she found not merely swarms of forgotten or unfinished manuscripts but seventeen hundred pounds worth of cheques. Just after this discovery the prudent Scots financier told her that "the greatest shock of his childhood had been when he saw someone drop a

penny and not bother to pick it up": she found it difficult not to remind him of that wad of cheques. By that time money—which he gave away as fast as he earned it, and mostly privately—didn't matter at all. "He spoke disparagingly of the play, 'The Little Minister,' which he said he didn't intend to include in any future edition of his works. Ungrateful of him, for it earned him eighty thousand pounds in its first ten years!" In those ten years, it may be recalled, income tax was a mild irritation instead of a thumbscrew.

Let it not be supposed that the book is entirely about Barrie. When Barrie was present at a gathering, Lady Cynthia made notes of the conversation and demeanour of all the other people there, and we meet in her pages many of the most eminent and amusing social, political and literary figures of the period between the wars. Of Chesterton there are particularly charming glimpses: Chesterton entertaining children, and treating them with great courtesy: Chesterton quite literally jammed in a doorway: Chesterton away on a lecture tour sending his devoted wife a telegram "Am in Birmingham. Where should I be?"

Amongst many interesting scraps of information is this: "Barrie said that, had it not been for Frohman, the great American impresario, to whom he owed so much, he didn't think any producer would ever have put on 'Peter Pan.' Not only had Beerbohm Tree refused the play for Her Majesty's Theatre, but after reading it, he had written a warning letter to Frohman to tell him that he was afraid 'poor Barrie had gone out of his mind.'"

I can't agree with Lady Cynthia about Barrie's accent. It's true that she admits that, when they were "first acquaint" and he said he had had a "haddock" that morning that she thought he had had fish for breakfast, discovering later that he meant a



LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Lady Cynthia Asquith is the daughter of the eleventh Earl of Wemyss; in 1910 she married the Hon. Herbert Asquith, son of the first Earl of Oxford and Asquith, who died in 1947. From 1918-37 Lady Cynthia was secretary to J. M. Barrie. She is the author of a number of books which include novels, short stories, biography, reminiscence, an anthology and stories for children.



J. M. BARRIE AT THE AGE OF SIXTY.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Portrait of Barrie"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, James Barrie.

"headache." But she must have got used to his mode of speech to refer later to a "burr." It was as "braid Scots" as ever I've heard, and sometimes incomprehensible. He had lived in civilized society for so long that I can't help thinking he kept it going on purpose as one of the characteristics of his "part."

* Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1080 of this issue.

* "Portrait of Barrie." By Cynthia Asquith. Illustrated. (James Barrie; 15s.)



C.-IN-C. ALLIED FORCES, CENTRAL EUROPE, UNDER THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION, AND ONE OF HIS COUNTRY'S MOST DISTINGUISHED SOLDIERS: ALPHONSE-HENRI JUIN, MARSHAL OF FRANCE.

Alphonse-Henri Juin, Marshal of France, one of his country's most distinguished soldiers, is directly responsible to General Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, for all Allied Forces in Central Europe. He took over this post in August last year, having been since 1951 C.-in-C., Land Forces, in that area. Marshal Juin, who has spent much of his life in North Africa, is sixty-six this month, and was educated at Constantine and Algiers; and later at the French Military Academy, St. Cyr. During World War I, he served as a Captain with Moroccan forces and later as Chief of Staff to Marshal Lyautey. At the outbreak of World War II, he was in command of the 15th Motorised Division. He was

taken prisoner by the Germans in 1940 but was released the following year in the belief that he would help the Vichy Government defend North Africa. He soon joined the Allies, however, after they landed in Algeria in 1942, and was put in command of French land, sea and air forces in North Africa. From 1942-43 he was C.-in-C. of the French Army Detachment in Tunisia, during which period he was promoted General of the Army; and from 1943 until 1944 he commanded the French Expeditionary Corps. After the Allied landing in Normandy in 1944 Marshal Juin was made C.-in-C. of National Defence until, in 1947, he was sent to Morocco as French Resident-General.

Exclusive portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.

TOPICS come and go. Some have a good run and are then wiped out of the public mind. Others, like the swallows, make periodical visits. A few are always with us, and for a long time now Anglo-American relations has been one of these. It passes through phases of flux and reflux, but it never goes entirely out of fashion. In the course of his Reith Lectures Sir Oliver Franks, former British Ambassador to the United States, has made some wise remarks about the subject. He has shown how the difference between the American national character and traditions and those of our own country affect political relations, as they do even social. He has pointed out how easily it can create misunderstanding and mis-interpretation. He has made it clear that the United States does not make use of the British practice whereby members of the Government, officials, and military officers, when speaking in public, are expected to take the same line on questions of policy. Inability to grasp this feature of American life has often led to bewilderment and anger on this side of the Atlantic.

It chanced that these matters had been in my mind during the evening before my usual day for writing this article. When I came down to breakfast and opened *The Times*, my eye was caught by the headlines: "Weakest Allies—General Van Fleet's View." I wondered which the General would put into that category. Number one was Britain. This seemed more than a little odd, and I felt that the Test Match would have to wait while I investigated further. I found that General Van Fleet had been giving evidence before the Internal Security Committee of the Senate. In the course of his evidence he is reported to have expressed his opinion that some of the weakest allies of the United States were Britain, France, and Japan, because they encouraged Communism. It at once struck me that here was an illustration of Sir Oliver Franks' thesis. Supposing that we in this country had the equivalent of the American senatorial committee, it is impossible to imagine a retired General, however eminent, being asked for or allowed to volunteer his views on the relative reliability of Britain's allies.

I presume General Van Fleet explained the manner in which Communism was encouraged by these States, but no explanation was given in the report. I did not greatly regret its absence, because I decided that it would have been of no great interest. He went on to say that the most reliable allies were those which had outlawed Communism, and gave a list of them: Greece, Turkey, Spain, Pakistan, the Philippines, South Korea, and Formosa. It occurred to me to wonder how many citizens of the United States would prefer to fight a major war with the Philippines, South Korea, or Formosa by her side rather than with Britain, and whether General Van Fleet would be included in the number. I decided that no violent change in American policy or in the alignment of American sympathies was probable as a result of this evidence. I doubt whether it created a ripple in the Senate and am pretty sure it did not in the State Department.

I am indeed using the General as a symbol or a specimen in a show-case. He is well known. He was a first-class fighting soldier and a successful commander of the Eighth Army in Korea. He was popular with the troops he led. In Greece his services were appreciated, but it was thought that he attributed to them a greater share in the success against the Communist forces than was in fact due to them. But then he always favoured rather explosive and high-coloured speech. Of late he has been doing his best to make the country believe that Mr. McCarthy is its saviour. If he feels like that, he is right to fight for his ideals. I have nothing against him. I hold my own views, however, about his political judgment. The British attitude to Communism may sometimes lie open to criticism, but hardly to that of encouraging Communism. Curiously enough, the same issue of *The Times*, and the same page as that on which the remarks of General Van Fleet were reported, also recorded Sir Winston Churchill's aside to the students of Bristol University that he was glad to receive their

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. GENERAL VAN FLEET IN THE ROSTRUM.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

present "on a day when you see by looking at the papers I am supposed to be in a bit of a scrape"—an allusion to his message to Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery about the storing of German arms in 1945.

In the lecture of Sir Oliver Franks to which I have referred he told us how much less important was what Washington, or anyone in or connected with the capital, said, than what Washington did. Even what Washington does is not always in accordance with our ideas, but the differences which occur in this respect are natural in a partnership where both sides know their own minds. It so happens that there is no capital in the world where the consultation is closer and franker between any two Powers than between the United Kingdom and the United States in Washington. This is particularly true of military affairs. Our military representatives discuss them with complete freedom there and on what is called "a higher level" than anywhere else. There has never been in the course of history a closer partnership between independent nations, nor one commonly conducted on a friendlier basis. We have deliberately chosen to set up a machinery calculated to bring about this state of affairs, and it has proved successful.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT.



A VALEDICTORY SALUTE TO THE OLD ROYAL YACHT: SPECTATORS WAVING AS THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT LEAVES PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR UNDER TOW FOR THE BREAKER'S YARD.

The Admiralty announced in September last that her Majesty's yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, was to be handed over to the British Iron and Steel Corporation for breaking up. Her most valuable pieces of furniture have been transferred to the Royal yacht *Britannia* and to Buckingham Palace, and the remainder has been sent to the Admiralty Pool at Deptford. The *Victoria and Albert*, designed by Sir William White, then Director of Naval Construction, was laid down in 1897 and commissioned in 1901. On December 1, 1954, she began her last voyage (which was expected to take about a week) to Gare Loch, Firth of Clyde; and received a valedictory salute from groups of spectators as she left Portsmouth Harbour under tow. Her departure had been delayed owing to the heavy gales.

With all due respect to Greece, Turkey; Spain, and Pakistan, and even to the Philippines, South Korea, and Formosa, this partnership represents the most important peace insurance policy and the most hopeful means of defence if insurance fails and a war occurs. The two nations react to events in very different ways. The Americans judge quickly, often too quickly; we judge slowly, often too slowly. The first American response to a challenging situation is to act; the first British is to consider. Our strongest reproach to Americans is that they are apt to speak before they have quite made up their minds what they are going to say; their sharpest rejoinder is that we take so long to think out what we are going to say that it is often out of date by the time we have said it. They run the greater risks by their methods; we may prove the less effective through ours. The combination is a strong one, even if both sides sometimes become exasperated in supporting it.

Below all this one finds a substantial similarity in outlook upon the world as it stands at present. Both nations have taken broadly similar views of its perils and of the means required to meet them. Both desire peace. Neither is, as politics go, Machiavellian. Both feel deep pride in their institutions and the spirit of their people. In both, the principal political parties overlap generously in their tenets and their ideals. It is not altogether an equal partnership, because the wealth and resources of one partner are

so much greater than those of the other. Nor is it one in which dangers are equally shared, because the vulnerability of Britain is so much deeper than that of the United States. This sometimes creates irritation here, but is nobody's fault. Perhaps most important of all, despite a minority of voices which protest the contrary in each country, each is conscious of a reliability in the other which it does not see in all its

allies. The link is extended to their embassies, between which close co-operation exists in almost every capital.

One danger which some see in the United States and which has never appeared in the same form at home is that of power getting into bad hands. If we look back over our recent history in search of the political adventurer pure and simple, our eye may alight on the figure of Horatio Bottomley. We should laugh at the possibility of his ever having had the chance of becoming a voice which spoke for Britain, though he professed to do so and certainly was listened to by too many. Yet we must realise that, on the one hand, this has never yet happened in the United States—and many even of the strongest opponents of Senator McCarthy there consider we exaggerate his importance—and that, on the other hand, we ourselves cannot say with certainty that we shall always remain immune from the risk. Another difference is that, whereas in our small country it would be impossible to imagine a particularly "isolationist" or "anti-American" area, there is in the vast United States an area, the Middle West, which tends to be isolationist just because it is, to a great extent, isolated from the outer world.

I have not tried to be a propagandist or to idealise the relationship between the two countries. It has been deliberately created to meet a peril, and were that peril to be removed would certainly change its shape, though even then the closeness of the contact established would probably prevent it from losing all the ground gained in recent years. It has been subjected to the strain of some acute controversies. Indeed, one can recall moments when, according to the Press, it was in a bad way, almost unfriendly. Yet I am convinced that, if it has survived these setbacks, as I believe it has, the cause lies deeper than the self-interest on which international friendship is commonly founded. With all the differences, there does appear to be a likeness of sentiment, especially in the more intellectual sections of the two populations. Outside official circles they are in closest contact.

In recent years a great development has taken place in American understanding of world politics and economics. This had begun even before the Second World War, but has become rapid since. It is official in the first place, but it has also

made progress in the community as a whole. In earlier times the United States was chiefly concerned with its own interests abroad. Now defence policy has made them inseparable from the politics and atmosphere of Europe and Asia. A sincere and intelligently applied effort to comprehend has been among the most striking of the changes which have taken place in the American mentality. It would be well if understanding of the United States on the part of foreigners had made equal strides, but this can hardly be said even of our own country. One of the handicaps has been the cost of living for us in the United States and the difficulty of obtaining currency to visit the country. Yet interchange of University teachers and students and sponsored visits of other classes have been invaluable.

The wisest feature of American foreign policy has been the determination, which has never faltered, not to attempt to counter world Communism by force alone or the threat of force, but to employ also economic aid on an incredibly large scale. If this is self-interest, it is of an enlightened and beneficent kind. Even now further great schemes affecting the Continent of Asia are said to be under discussion. That successive Administrations should conceive, and the country as a whole should submit to such a policy, is proof of a broad-mindedness unique now or at any time in the past. Whatever be the measure of its success, it stands to the honour of the United States.



FIELDS, ROADS AND GARDENS COMPLETELY INUNDATED: AN AIR VIEW OF THE SCENE IN THE VICINITY OF BOURNE END, WHERE THE FLOODING WAS SEVERE. [Aerofilms.]



ISOLATED BY THE RISING WATERS FROM THE SWOLLEN RIVER (BACKGROUND): HOUSES WITH FLOODED GARDENS AND DRIVES AT BOURNE END, FROM THE AIR. [Aerofilms.]



SHOWING THE FLOODED Paddock AND PARADE RING; AND THE COURSE WITH LARGE AREAS UNDER WATER: WINDSOR RACE-COURSE AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FLOODS. [Aerofilms.]

THE WIDESPREAD INUNDATIONS IN BRITAIN: AFFECTED AREAS IN THE THAMES VALLEY.



PADDLING THROUGH THE ARCHWAY OF A HOUSE IN MAIDENHEAD. COOKHAM BRIDGE WAS FLOODED AND NEAR PANGBOURNE FAMILIES WERE RESCUED BY PUNT.



PICTURESQUE—POSSIBLY—BUT FAR FROM CONVENIENT: AN INHABITANT OF THE THAMES VALLEY DISTRICT PROCEEDS DOWN COURT ROAD, MAIDENHEAD, BY PUNT.

THE heavy rain which fell throughout Britain during November caused inundations all over the country. Higher than average rainfall was recorded in all parts of our island, and in south and west Wales, and in the western counties of England, over twice the average has been measured. The Thames Valley suffered badly, and on December 1, an official of the Thames Conservancy Board stated that it was the highest flood since 1947. At Purley, near Pangbourne, men in rowing boats and punts evacuated twenty families from their flooded homes. Many acres of farmland on the Windsor Castle estate were under water and extensive areas of the Eton playing fields were flooded. Roads in numerous places were impassable, and inhabitants of the Eton-Datchet road organised a punt service. On December 2, though the floods were falling, roads in twenty-two counties were under water; and from Kendal and west Westmorland the worst inundations since 1898 were reported. The licensee of the Grandstand Hotel, Worcester, had her first customers for five days when members of the local rowing club came across the race-course by boat; and in Cheshire, an Army amphibious vehicle was used to evacuate a family. Racing on December 4 was not possible at Windsor and Worcester.

GOLD VESSELS FROM WHICH ALEXANDER THE GREAT MAY HAVE DRUNK: A UNIQUE DISCOVERY NOW FULLY REPORTED IN PICTURES FROM BULGARIA.



FIG. 1. ONE OF THE ITEMS OF A HOARD OF HELLENISTIC GOLD FOUND IN BULGARIA: A *kylix* (DRINKING VESSEL) IN RAM'S HEAD FORM, WITH AN ORIFICE IN THE LOWER LIP. (4½ ins. [12.5 cms.] high.)

DURING the last few years a number of rumours have been heard of the discovery of an astonishing hoard of Hellenistic gold objects in Bulgaria, with particular reference to a negro-head *patera* (Fig. 9), and very recently photographs of two of the objects appeared in the daily press. We believe, however, that the nine photographs appearing on these two pages are of a much earlier date. The objects were found in the country of the whole of this amazingly rich find, the total weight of which is 6164 grammes, or 16 lb. 5 ozs. Troy. The discovery was made on December 8, 1949, on the site of an old Thracian settlement in the small valley of Panagurishte, in southern central Bulgaria, and it has made a considerable contribution to the knowledge of the Thracians, who were digging clay workers at a brickworks, who were digging clay.

(Continued below, centre.)

(Continued below, centre.)



FIG. 2. ANOTHER GOLD RHYTON, IN THE FORM OF A STAG'S HEAD, WITH RELIEFS OF THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS. THE HANDLE HAS A LION AT ONE END, A WOMAN'S HEAD AT THE OTHER. (5½ ins. [13.5 cms.] high).

Alkameche), who is shown with a seated Dionysus; and there are two other dancing mænads. The handle, with a lion at the top, has a woman's head at the base. Figs. 2 and 5 are very alike in design. 2 weighing 6746 grs. (about 244 ozs. Av.). The reliefs in Fig. 2 show the judgment of Paris, those in Fig. 5, Theseus with the Bull of Marathon and Heracles, in the skin of the Nemean lion, killing the Corinthian stag. Both have orifices in the stag's lip. Fig. 3 weighs 439 gr. (about 151 ozs. Av.), and its design shows Hera throned. Artemis, Apollo and with bows, and Nike Victory standing beside Artemis. Fig. 4 weighs 1625-25 gr. (about 592 ozs. Av.). It has no base, the bottom showing two negro-heads

two negro-heads



FIG. 3. A GOLD *rhuyton*, WITH THE LOWER END IN THE FORM OF A HE-GOAT WITH A DRINKING-SPOUT BETWEEN THE FORE-LEGS. IN THE RELIEFS THE DEITIES HERA, APOLLO, ARTEMIS AND NIKE ARE SHOWN
($5\frac{1}{4}$ ins. [14.0 cms.] high.)



FIG. 4. A MOST ELABORATE GOLD AMPHORA—DESCRIBED IN TEXT WITH RELIEF



FIG. 5. ANOTHER STAG'S HEAD GOLD
BUTTON, OF ALMOST EXACTLY THE
SAME SIZE AS FIG. 2. THE RELIEFS
SHOW HERACLES, AND ON THE OTHER
SIDE THESEUS WITH THE MARATHON
BULL. THE HANDLE DIFFERS A LITTLE
FROM FIG. 2.

(Continued.)
the treasure being buried, though the exact time or cause, at a depth of 7 ft. 4 ins. The nine magnificent preserved objects are now in the National Museum at Sofia. The following account of the treasure is based on a description given by the Director, Mr. D. Tsonev, on general and stylistic grounds. It is supposed that they were made in the workshops of Greece, and that they were brought to Macedonia by princes, perhaps even Alexander the Great, or his successors; and, if this is correct, they appear to be of a barbaric taste. The treasure would seem to have been buried for security in a time of disaster. A detailed description of the objects follows. It weighs 505.5 gr. (over 17 ozs. Av.) and carries the inscription *Elope*, "the name of the man of whom the treasure is composed and who buried it."
(Continued above.)

FIGS. 6 AND 7. (I AND R) TWO



FIGS. 6 AND 7. (L. AND R.) TWO ALMOST IDENTICAL GOLD *OINOCHOAI* (WINE-POURERS), SHOWING WOMEN'S HEADS, WITH NECKLACES CARRYING, IN THE FRONT, A LION'S HEAD PIERCED FOR POURING THE WINE. THE HANDLES CARRY HUMANISED FEMALE SPHINXES
(Each 7½ ins. [18.5 cms.] high.)



FIG. 8. ANOTHER GOLD WOMAN'S HEAD OINOCHOA. ON THE HEAD SIT TWO WINGED GRIFFINS, AND THERE IS A LION'S HEAD BUT NO NECKLACE AT THE THROAT. (6½ ins. [17.5 cms.] high.)

whose mouths arborifices for the wine and a rosette. The relief on the side shows a guard and seven armed figures; on the other kneeling satyrs with double flutes and the infant Heracles throttling two snakes. A trumpeter is also shown, and it is thought that this is a scene from a unknown Greek play, perhaps on the discovery of Achilles in the island of Skyros. The handles are two centaurs. Figs. 6 and 7 are almost identical, the weights being 467.95 gr. and 466.75 gr. (between 161 and 162 gms.). The stamps are small, the first a star, the second a monogram. The weights 387.7 gr. (early 131 oz. Av.). Fig. 9 bears an inscription on its original weight, 196 drachmæ and 4 obol (about 846.9 gr.). It no longer weighs 845.7 gr. (about 293. oz. Av.). It has no handle, or stand.



FIG. 9. A MOST IMPRESSIVE GOLD PLATE, WITH HOLLOW CENTRE, DECORATED WITH ACORNS AND SEVENTY-TWO NEGRO HEADS—THE "JUST ETHIOPIANS" OF GREEK TRADITION—WITH PALMETTES AND LOTUSES BETWEEN (Diameter 9½ ins. [25.0 cms.])

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WE do not know the girl's name, but there she stands, wide-eyed, in Baptista's house, presumably a guest at the wedding of Katharina and Petruchio. She is a little shy, a trifle embarrassed; and the oddest things appear to be happening around her. First, the guests have to wait for the bridegroom to arrive. Then, when he is overdue, one of the servants, Biondello, rushes in with news of his arrival in a very queer guise indeed, "a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned . . ." and so on. The long speech rushes forward, and the poor girl is most perplexed when Biondello chooses to confide to her, in particular, the troubles of Petruchio's horse, "infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins."

She nods her head vaguely, as if to say "Well, I never!", shifts uneasily, and opens her eyes a shade wider. Luckily, Biondello passes on to someone else; but presently Petruchio and Grumio arrive, swinging in, for no special reason, on garlanded bell-ropes, and Petruchio has begun to explain to her, of all people, about his horse's accoutrements. (Is it this, or some other line?) Why in the world must she be singled out? She blushes again, and her eyes are like saucers. Here she is, gazing, as her fellow guests do (in Petruchio's words), as if they see "some wondrous monument, some comet or unusual prodigy."

Still, it is over soon, the mad wedding and the madder departure to Petruchio's country house; and the Wedding Guest probably wanders home, slightly dazed, through the streets of Padua, pondering on a very strange day. We are not likely to meet the dear soul again in another Padua; but Denis Carey has discovered her presence—unnoticed by Shakespeare—in his current revival of "The Taming of the Shrew" (Old Vic), and I am happy to have known her.

The "Shrew"—which now borrows the song of "Love, love, nothing but love" from "Troilus and Cressida"—is fair game for any producer. He can adorn it as he pleases; we should not really grumble about any crazy-gang addition. Denis Carey has both decorated and refused to decorate. His refusal is, for these days, surprising, though it used once to be common form. Instead of heightening Christopher Sly's part by using lines from the source-play ("The Taming of A Shrew"), and keeping the drunken tinker on all the time, while the strolling players, the pumping folk, act to him, Mr. Carey has let Sly fade out on the famous "Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger." When this is spoken, Sly and Bartholomew the page, sitting in an ornate bed, are trundled off into the darkness, and the lights flash up on the public place in Padua and

speaks, Hortensio, nose wrinkled, is struggling to avert a sneeze. It comes just at the phrase, "His name is . . ."; and, pat on the explosion, Petruchio, echoing it, adds "... Licio. . ." It sounds nothing whatever in print; but it is one of those tiny things that, in the theatre, do help to build up the "Shrew," a play that needs fresh comic detail. Again, at the end of the wooing scene, when Petruchio (Paul Rogers) is both desperately avoiding the spitfire and

effect is cheerfully spirited: I salute the memory of the Wedding Guest.

There is plenty of bickering in "Simon and Laura" (Strand), a light comedy that will be as topical during its entire run as the gale outside Petruchio's country house was topical at the première of the "Shrew." The subject is television—or, at least, it appears to be. Actually Alan Melville tells the old story of quarrelling husband and wife, with mixed love affairs.

("Love, love, nothing but love.") But the edgy Simon and Laura, actress-wife, actor-husband, are starring together in a television series about a happy pair who become national figures. However fiercely they spar in private—and Mr. Melville has enjoyed writing their repartee—in public they must compose their differences for television's sake. An hour comes as we expect—and during the performance of a T.V. episode at that—when the quarrel boils over, the balloon goes up, the volcano erupts. No need to detail the plot: what matters in it is Mr. Melville's joy in exposing the curious struggles of television drama: the pushing of the players from corner to corner, nook to nook, alcove to alcove. Lights, cameras, cables: in the midst of apparent chaos a play is being born, with its cast sighing, no doubt, for the relative comfort of a Tube lift at the rush-hour.

This can be very funny. The plot beneath it is paper-thin; and yet, thanks to Mr. Melville's way with topical dialogue (a printed version ten years on will need copious footnotes), and to some adroit playing, "Simon and Laura" manages to cling to the stage. It will please the not-too-exacting. Roland

Culver, as the actor at a difficult period ("I've already made it crystal-clear that I can't skate" he snaps at his agent), and Coral Browne, as his wife, keep the repartee flashing like a hot set of table-tennis; Ernest Thesiger is a moulting eagle of a butler; and Ian Carmichael, as a T.V. producer, prowls and prowls, a gentle lynx. All very well; but surely Mr. Melville has omitted to write a part for Dora Bryan, who is with us for most of the evening, looking embarrassed—like the Wedding Guest at the Old Vic—and longing, no doubt, for some genuinely sharp line.



"A ROUGH-AND-READY VERSION OF A NOVEL . . . DONE IN COMIC-STRIP FASHION, IT EXHIBITS THE VERSATILITY OF THE THEATRE WORKSHOP CAST": "THE GOOD SOLDIER SCHWEIK" (EMBASSY), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) A BALD-HEADED GENTLEMAN (HARRY CORBETT), THE GOOD SOLDIER SCHWEIK (GEORGE COOPER) AND LIEUTENANT LUKASH (BARRY CLAYTON).

explaining how she won him to her love, he turns on Bianca's suitors with a pitying "O, you are novices!" The unexpectedly colloquial intonation delighted a first audience quick to catch all manner of things—Mr. Rogers's casual humming of a phrase from Mendelssohn, Kate's indignant "Ah! men!" to her husband's grace, Petruchio's cry of "What dogs are these!" as he raises a string of sausages, and the appearance of the Tailor—who, blessedly, does not stammer—with an elaborate dummy for Katharina's dress.

The cast plays up loyalty in the rioting. Throughout, Ann Todd and Paul Rogers establish the shrew and her tamer as human beings. Miss Todd is splendidly sullen in the first half, when the entire world might have spoken to her in the words that she herself, as the finally obedient wife, is to deliver with all sincerity:

Fie! Fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

This Kate begins to melt during the up-and-down between Grumio and the Tailor, when the absurdity of the whole business seems to strike her. She is immediately—with a brief lapse or so—prepared to humour Petruchio in anything. Mr. Rogers, as soon as he has played himself in, has the right overwhelming swagger. Laurence Hardy's Baptista, a father who has suffered much, and Gwen Cherrell's Bianca—one does not blame her for a flicker of triumph when sister Kate is kept waiting—are as apt as anyone in a company that sets out to romp. After all, in this play, why not? Come, and trip it as you go, on the light fantastic toe. If the tripping can be heavy-footed now and then—I am not happy about some of the clowns—the general



"I SHALL NOT SEE A TELEVISED PLAY AGAIN WITHOUT THINKING OF SIMON AND LAURA PENNED HELPLESSLY BEFORE THE CAMERAS": "SIMON AND LAURA" (STRAND THEATRE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM ALAN MELVILLE'S PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) JANET HONEYMAN (DORA BRYAN), SIMON FOSTER (ROLAND CULVER), JOE (KENNETH MACLEOD), BARNEY (DAVID MORRELL), LAURA FOSTER (CORAL BROWNE), BERT (THOMAS ELLIOTT), ARCHIE (ROGER PAGE), DAVID PRENTICE (IAN CARMICHAEL), AND (BACKGROUND) JESSIE (ESMA CANNON).



"THE QUARREL BOILS OVER, THE BALLOON GOES UP, THE VOLCANO ERUPTS," AND ALL IN FRONT OF THE TELEVISION CAMERAS: A SCENE FROM "SIMON AND LAURA," SHOWING LAURA FOSTER (CORAL BROWNE), SIMON FOSTER (ROLAND CULVER), DAVID PRENTICE (IAN CARMICHAEL; ON GROUND) AND THE BACKS OF JANET HONEYMAN (DORA BRYAN) AND JOE (KENNETH MACLEOD).

Lucentio's speech on his arrival in the "nursery of arts."

Sly, as presented by Eric Porter in a manner ripely fuddled, never reappears. He is a loss. (How the late Sir George Robey, whose death we mourn, might once have embellished this part!) On the other hand Mr. Carey has devised various stray bits of business that are distinct gains. I think of Petruchio's introduction of the disguised Hortensio as a teacher "cunning in music and the mathematics." As Petruchio

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"SIMON AND LAURA" (Strand).—I shall not see a televised play again without thinking of Simon and Laura penned helplessly before the cameras. Alan Melville's joke at the expense of T.V. drama is much the happiest thing in a topical comedy, sharply acted, that depends less upon its plot than upon repartee and this brisk geyser of Lime Grove. (November 25.)
"THE GOOD SOLDIER SCHWEIK" (Embassy).—A meandering comic-strip version of a novel that is, no doubt, an acquired taste. (November 29.)
"HEDDA GABLER" (Westminster).—A new stage for Peggy Ashcroft's superb Hedda. (November 29.)
"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" (Old Vic).—"Frame your mind to mirth and merriment, Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life." Thus the Messenger to Christopher Sly. Denis Carey, the producer, has banished Sly after the prologue; but the play performed for the tinker's benefit is here acted with hearty (and inventive) enthusiasm, and with Ann Todd and Paul Rogers in full pelt as the shrew and her master. (November 30.)

I can say little about "The Good Soldier Schweik" (Embassy), a rough-and-ready version of a novel not for all tastes. Done in comic-strip fashion, it exhibits the versatility of the Theatre Workshop cast (George Cooper as Schweik); and Deirdre Ellis, as a wide-eyed maidservant who allows her master's dog to be stolen, looks as agreeably baffled as the Vic's Wedding Guest. She is haunting me this week: we are back at base.



THE NEW PRIVATE THEATRE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF A BUSY SCENE BELOW THE STAGE; SHOWING THE LIFT DESCENDING AND SCENE-SHIFTERS AT WORK.

On the evening of December 2 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother formally opened the Vanbrugh Theatre, the new private theatre of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art designed by Mr. Alistair MacDonald on the site of the earlier theatre in Malet Street (designed by Geoffrey Norman), which was destroyed in 1941. The foundation-stone was laid by the Queen Mother on November 5, 1952, and the new theatre was virtually completed in July this year. On this page

and on following pages we reproduce our Artist's impressions of this fine new theatre, which is the first completely new one to be built in London since the war. The theatre commemorates the two sisters of Sir Kenneth Barnes, the late Dame Irene and Miss Violet Vanbrugh. Dame Irene Vanbrugh was president of the Academy when she died in 1949. Sir Kenneth Barnes has been Principal of R.A.D.A. since 1909; he was knighted in 1938.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



AT THE FIRST PERFORMANCE TO BE STAGED IN THE NEW VANBRUGH THEATRE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART: THE QUEEN MOTHER AND A DISTINGUISHED AUDIENCE SEATED IN THE AUDITORIUM.

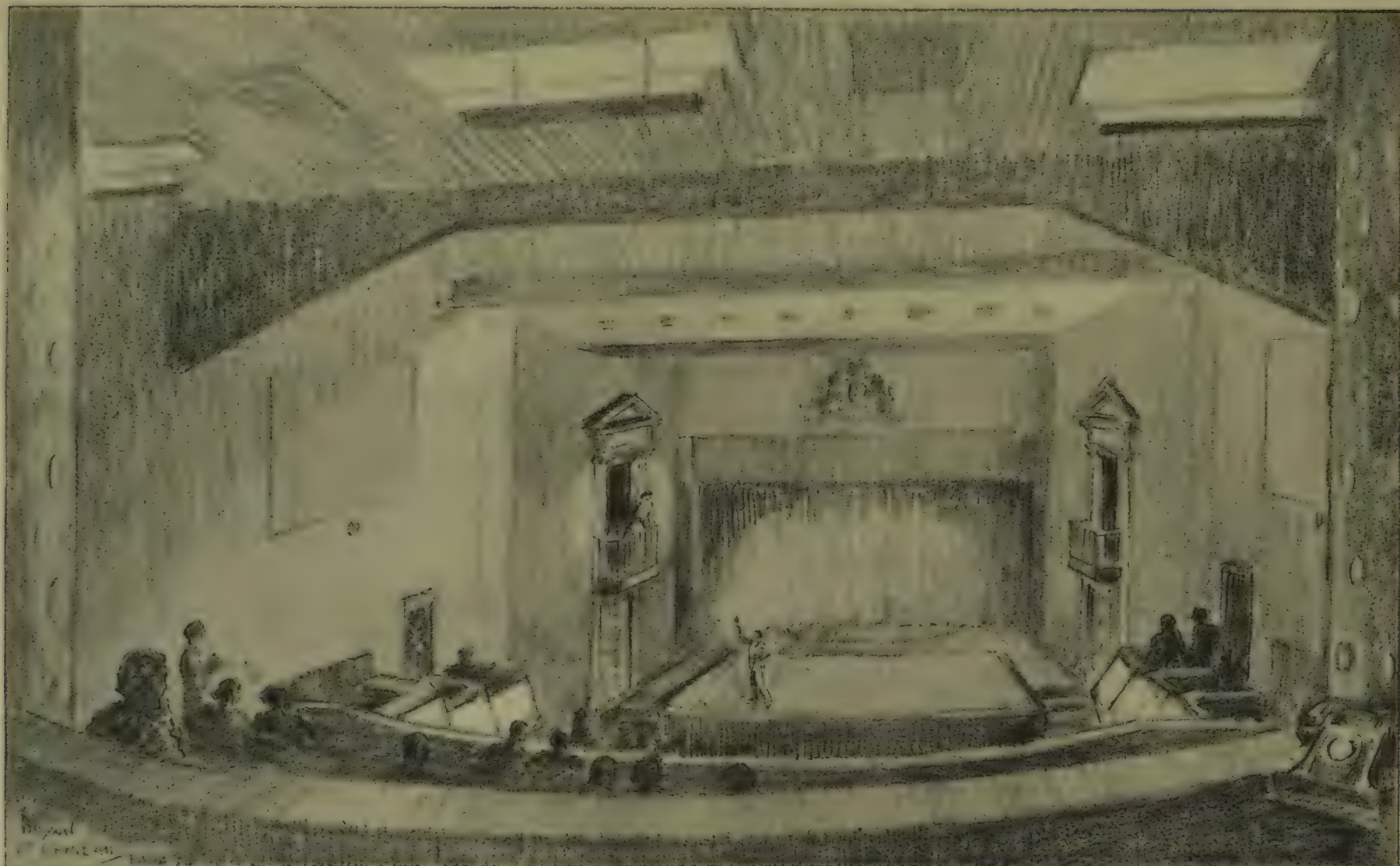
After opening the new R.A.D.A. private theatre in Malet Street, Bloomsbury, on the evening of December 2, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother sat in the front row of the circle, next to the Principal, Sir Kenneth Barnes, and saw a performance by students of the academy. The programme was devised "to show the stage equipment and trace the tradition of Drama through the ages." The theatre, which seats 400

and has a stage measuring 24 ft. by 28 ft., has been built at a cost of £20,000 to replace the one destroyed by bombing in 1941. It was designed by Mr. Allister MacDonald, F.R.I.B.A., to provide, as far as possible in the stage portion, appropriate conditions for all types of dramatic performance, from Greek Drama to Modern Theatre. The stage has a luxurious amount of space on either side of the acting area, and there

is a stage lift (see preceding page) and room for a cyclorama or permanent sky scene. Besides a permanent fore-stage, on to which stage doors open under small balconies, for the better presentation of Restoration and other seventeenth-century plays, there is an even deeper apron stage, which can be sunk, when not wanted as an apron, or used as an orchestra pit or to serve as steps for the Greek Drama. At the back

of the circle is Sir Kenneth Barnes's box, which is hung with gold-patterned material. In her speech the Queen Mother paid tribute to Sir Kenneth Barnes, saying that without his patience and purpose the theatre might never have been built. She also spoke of her pleasure in seeing the conclusion of an enterprise in which she had taken such a deep interest since she had laid the foundation-stone two years ago.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



VIEWS FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S BOX AT THE BACK OF THE CIRCLE: A REHEARSAL IN PROGRESS ON THE STAGE OF R.A.D.A.'S NEW VANBRUGH THEATRE.



IN THE WORKROOM WHICH IS ABOVE THE STAGE APRON: WARDROBE MISTRESSES AT WORK, AND, IN THE BACKGROUND, TWO STUDENTS PRACTISING FENCING ON THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE FLIES, WHICH IS FITTED AS A COMMODIOUS WARDROBE.

LONDON'S FIRST NEW THEATRE TO BE BUILT SINCE THE WAR: SCENES IN R.A.D.A.'S VANBRUGH THEATRE.

When she opened the new private theatre of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art on December 2, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother said that there could be no greater stimulus to future players than this new theatre, which stood as a symbol of the dignity of their profession. The theatre, though small, has an ample stage, which is as modern and well-equipped as any in the West End of London, and the lighting system is elaborate. There are excellent dressing-rooms

and a commodious wardrobe, with a workroom beyond it. The roof of the auditorium has been designed to serve as the floor and platform of a future assembly hall, and is constructed of steel and reinforced concrete. The rear of the auditorium is treated acoustically by acoustic tiles beneath the balcony and raised wooden buttons on the curved rear walls above the balcony and adjoining the Director's box. Panels of acoustic tiling are also applied to the side walls.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

ROYAL OCCASIONS: RECENT ENGAGEMENTS FULFILLED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY.



OPENING THE VANBRUGH THEATRE, THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART'S NEW THEATRE: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER.



BEING ADMITTED AN HONORARY FREEMAN OF CARDIFF: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (LEFT) IN THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS OF THE CITY HALL. THE SCROLL OF ADMISSION WAS HANDED TO HIM BY THE LORD MAYOR OF CARDIFF, ALDERMAN G. LLEWELLYN FERRIER.



THE QUEEN SHAKING HANDS WITH INSTRUCTOR LIEUT.-COMMANDER R. BRETT-KNOWLES OF THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION, AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL.



LEAVING HARRODS STORE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, AFTER MORE THAN TWO HOURS' CHRISTMAS SHOPPING: THE QUEEN. HER MAJESTY SPENT A LONG TIME IN THE TOY DEPARTMENT BUYING PRESENTS FOR HER CHILDREN.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER (CENTRE) AND PRINCESS MARGARET (RIGHT) WITH LADY PAMELA BERRY, PRESIDENT OF THE INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF LONDON FASHION DESIGNERS, AT A PRIVATE SHOWING OF THE SOCIETY'S LATEST FASHIONS.



VISITING ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, PADDINGTON, ON THE OCCASION OF ITS CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH SIR A. FLEMING.

The R.A.D.A.'s new private theatre, the Vanbrugh Theatre, was formally opened by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother on December 2. Drawings of this theatre by our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau, appear elsewhere in this issue.—On being admitted an honorary freeman of Cardiff at the Assembly Rooms of the City Hall on December 1, the Duke of Edinburgh was handed the scroll of admission in a teak casket in the shape of a sea-chest.—When the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended a lecture on the North Greenland Expedition by its leader, Commander C. W. J. Simpson, at the Royal Festival Hall on November 29, Admiral of the Fleet Sir A. Willis (seen with the Queen above), chairman of the Expedition Committee, announced that her Majesty had awarded



AFTER OPENING THE PARK LANE FAIR, LONDON: THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER. THE FAIR IS IN AID OF THE FORCES HELP SOCIETY AND LORD ROBERTS WORKSHOPS.

Polar Medals to the expedition for their work in Greenland.—The Queen visited Harrods store on December 2 and bought toys, including a space-gun and a rag-doll, for her children.—At a parade of fashion models in the long drawing-room of 24, Carlton House Terrace, Lady Camrose's home, on December 1, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret saw some of the latest clothes designed by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers.—The previous day the Queen Mother, as President of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, visited the hospital's Medical School on the occasion of its centenary celebrations.—On December 1 the Duchess of Gloucester opened the Park Lane Fair at 45, Park Lane, a Fair which is in aid of charity.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

LAST week I wrote about a number of plants which, at one time or another, I have met, admired and coveted, but most of which have remained permanently on my "wanted" list. A few of these treasures I did actually possess and grow for longer or shorter periods, only to lose them—perhaps for ever.

However, at the tail-end of my tale of woe and wants last week I was able to record, very briefly, the

RETURN OF A PRODIGAL.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

But with nurseries it was just the same. They, too, were without the plant, but felt that they need not worry. They banked on finding *gracilis*, surely, in some lesser nursery than their own, or, at any rate, in the garden of one or other of their amateur friends. Not a hope. Not a sausage! Cross-bred seedlings of *gracilis*, yes. Lots of them. Some with fancy names, "Grandeur," "Sulphur Butterfly," "Blue Butterfly," "Lady Crisp," and so on; others labelled, quite wrongly, "*gracilis*." Delightful things, every one of them. But not the true, original wild species, which is unmistakable to any one with half-an-eye for a plant who has once seen it. Those seedlings of *gracilis* were the trouble. The true, original species was altogether too matey, too promiscuous. It spent its time contracting alliances with every other viola within bee-range. Like the prodigal in the parable it wasted its substance in riotous living, procreating innumerable beautiful cross-bred seedlings, which finally usurped their parents' rightful place in horticulture.

It would be difficult to say just when folk woke up to the fact that true *Viola gracilis* was apparently unobtainable, and extinct in cultivation in this country. The process of abdication had been slow, gradual, imperceptible, spread over, perhaps, fifteen or twenty years. Always hopeful, I repeatedly bought viola plants which were labelled *V. gracilis*, and which, I was assured, were the true thing. They never were. For years I kept an incessant intensive watch on private gardens, and often garden friends would send me plants which they were sure were the lost treasure. They never were. It seemed incredible that such a lovely plant, so distinct,

so easy to grow and so long-lived, should have passed out completely in favour of its innumerable bastard offspring. Surely there must be at least one specimen lingering in some real plantsman's garden, some amateur who appreciated true, original types of plants possessed of outstanding character and beauty. Someone who was not forever in pursuit of the latest hybrid developments. And so it was. Last summer my son was sent yet another "True *Viola gracilis*." To plant such a gift had become almost a matter of routine, but planted it was, in faith, and charity, but only the merest suspicion of hope. The characteristically narrow leaves suggested the true thing, as also did their compact habit of growth, and before many weeks there were flowers, which left no doubt at all that here at last was the prodigal

—returned! It is now only a matter of steady propagation, and then redistribution.

Folk who did not know *Viola gracilis* in the heyday of its popularity and splendour, folk who have never seen the true plant may think that I have been piling on the praise and the agony. But I feel very sure that thousands who did know the plant will agree with me that it was, and is, a grand, a classic plant, and will rejoice that there is now every chance of its widespread restoration to our gardens. It was, until last summer, as if *Clematis jackmanii*, shall we say, had gradually and relentlessly disappeared from our gardens, to be restored only when it might have been supposed that the last specimen had died.

There is a full botanical description of *Viola gracilis* in the "R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening," and this description is followed by a note that the figure of *V. gracilis* in the *Botanical Magazine*, 1841, is not typical. The botanical description given "refers to the true *V. gracilis* of the Bithynian Olympus, near Bursa, Asia Minor; a dainty species, it unfortunately tends to be superseded in gardens by coarser hybrid forms." I think I recognise the hand that added that last useful and informative note.

A very delightful rock-garden plant which was not uncommon in gardens until about 1939 was *Mertensia primuloides*. A dwarfish species growing to 4 or 5 ins. high, and rejoicing in cool peaty or leaf-mouldy soil, it produced racemes of most beautiful bright blue forget-me-not flowers, each with a striking, unusual and attractive centre of concentric rings of rainbow, violet, orange and gold. I do not think it was a really difficult plant to grow, so perhaps it became rare, if not extinct, in gardens, during the war years, merely



"A VERY DELIGHTFUL ROCK-GARDEN PLANT WHICH WAS NOT UNCOMMON IN GARDENS UNTIL ABOUT 1939": *MERTENSIA PRIMULOIDES*, OF WHICH MR. ELLIOTT SAYS: "I DO NOT THINK IT WAS A REALLY DIFFICULT PLANT TO GROW, SO PERHAPS IT BECAME RARE, IF NOT EXTINCT, IN GARDENS DURING THE WAR YEARS, MERELY THROUGH THE LACK OF ATTENTION WHICH FINISHED OFF SO MANY GOOD PLANTS AT THAT TIME."

Reproduced from "Flora and Sylva," Volume 1, 1903.

return of one prodigal, a most precious one—the true *Viola gracilis*.

Just how, and exactly when, *Viola gracilis* first arrived in this country I do not know. But it received an Award of Merit, R.H.S., in 1908, when exhibited by R. Wallace, and that dates its advent near enough for all practical garden purposes. Why, since then, it has never received a First Class Certificate I can not imagine. Perhaps no one ever thought of putting it up for that purpose. But as an absolutely first-class hardy plant, a plant in a million, with all the virtues, it would be worthy of an outside in gold medals, specially designed and minted in its honour.

The plant forms itself into a close, compact turf of deep green foliage, a turf which erupts with a profuse and long-continued crop of flowers, carried on wiry stems of good length. In colour they are deepest, purest violet, with a small, central white eye. They are somewhat smaller than the flowers of the well-known *Viola cornuta*, and far more elegant in carriage, cut and outline. And the plant was—and is—absurdly easy to grow. Cuttings root like the proverbial weed, and rapidly produce those concise and satisfactory turves of deep emerald sheeted over with their myriads of vivid, violet, butterfly blossoms. One could not—or so it seemed—go wrong with *Viola gracilis*. And yet, after many years as a best-seller, and as a best-beloved stand-by for the rock garden and the flower border, the plant just walked out on us, as it were. But was it suddenly? I'm not so sure. It would be nearer the mark, perhaps, to say that slowly, gradually, it dawned upon gardeners in this country that they no longer had any *Viola gracilis* in their gardens, or their nurseries, and then when they began to hunt around for fresh supplies they discovered that there were no plants to be had. At first folk did not worry greatly, feeling, no doubt, that, although their garden friends were without *Viola gracilis*, and so could not supply cuttings, there would be no difficulty in obtaining supplies from the nearest nursery.



"I FEEL VERY SURE THAT THOUSANDS WHO DID KNOW THE PLANT WILL AGREE WITH ME THAT IT WAS, AND IS, A GRAND, A CLASSIC PLANT, AND WILL REJOICE THAT THERE IS NOW EVERY CHANCE OF ITS WIDESPREAD RESTORATION TO OUR GARDENS": *VIOLA GRACILIS*, THE PRODIGAL WHOSE RETURN IS DESCRIBED BY MR. ELLIOTT ON THIS PAGE.

From the drawing by Professor Edward Roworth.

through the lack of attention which finished off so many good plants at that time. Several times during recent years I have seen *Mertensia primuloides* offered in nursery catalogues, but not once have I received the true plant. Always it was the quite inferior species which I have always known as *Mertensia echioides*. This has smaller blue flowers, without that fascinating centre of rainbow hues.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

A gift that gives pleasure throughout the year is surely the ideal choice when considering the shopping list for this Christmas and New Year. Fifty-two copies of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will make 1955 a year full of interest for friends and relations at home and overseas.

Now is the time to place orders for subscriptions with any bookstall manager or newsagent, or they may be sent to the Subscription Department, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription.

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MENACING HERALDS OF NORTHERN AUSTRALIA'S WET SEASON: A WATERSPOUT SWIRLING UP TO THE SINISTER STORM CLOUDS WHICH ARE MOVING OVER THE WIDE PLAINS OF ARNHAM LAND.

Great thunderstorms, "willy-willies," waterspouts and spectacular cloud effects mark the end of the long, dry season in Arnhem Land, in the Northern Territory of Australia, and herald the onset of *bara*, the north-west storms. To the aborigine the breaking of the "wet" indicates that the rain-maker has been at work, that he has buried his magical bundle deep in the mangrove mud and has breathed over it the appropriate spell—or that some enemy, intent on vengeance, has been to the *bara* totem centre on Mooroonga Island, in the Crocodile Group, and performed there the increase rite which released the fury of *bara*. In Arnhem Land almost the whole of the annual rainfall, which amounts to about 40 ins., comes

within three or four months, and falls of 7 or 8 ins. may occur within the space of twenty-four hours, so that the country is transformed overnight. Under cover of the great storms, with their north-west winds, the nomadic hunters of Arnhem Land hunt the Red Kangaroo, called *karritjambal*, for these wary animals are easier to approach under cover of the noise of the high winds. It was at this season, too, that in former times the intrepid voyagers from Indonesia came down in their *praus* in quest of pearls and *bêche-de-mer*, driving before the north-west wind and returning with the south-east. [Photograph copyright in Great Britain and U.S.A. by Donald F. Thomson, O.B.E., Ph.D., D.Sc.]

A FASCINATING EVOCATION OF THE ELEGANCE OF OF THE 18TH CENTURY NOW ON VIEW



MAN'S SUIT IN SHOT MAUVE AND GREEN SATIN, WITH SILK AND CHENILLE EMBROIDERY; WOMAN'S DRESS OF PINK AND WHITE STRIPED SILK BROCADE WITH FLOWERS; AND MAN'S SUIT IN BEIGE CUT VELVET AND COLOURED EMBROIDERY (L. TO R., IN FRONT), 1770-1781.



DATING FROM THE CLOSE OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV. AND EARLY PART OF THAT OF LOUIS XVI. (PERIOD 1770-1781): A WOMAN'S DRESS WITH WIDE PANNIERS, OF WHITE SILK EMBROIDERED WITH SEQUINS AND COLOURED FLOWERS.

THE eighteenth century in France stands for elegance and luxury, at least in the case of the aristocrats whose life centred round the Court. Now that the Exhibition of European Masters of the Eighteenth Century is in progress at the Royal Academy, our photographs of genuine costumes of the period on view at the Exhibition of French Costumes of the Eighteenth Century (period, 1715-1789) at the Carnavalet Museum, Paris, will be of special interest. The exhibits are, for the most part, drawn from the Museum's own collection, with a few loans to fill gaps. They are displayed in a series of panelled rooms from which it has been necessary to exclude daylight, and illuminate by artificial light, to prevent any danger to the delicate ancient fabrics. A special series of figures has been made—all suggesting youth, without any naturalistic colouring.

(Continued opposite.)



MAN'S SUIT, c. 1760, OF CUT ROBE DE ROSE EMBROIDERED VELVET; WOMAN'S DRESS, c. 1760, IN STRIPED BLUE PAILLE WITH BUCKINGS; AND MAN'S SUIT, c. 1750, OF CUT VELVET IN GREY-GREEN, WITH CLARET-COLOURED EMBROIDERY.



CARRIED OUT IN MANY-COLOURED BROCADE SILK MATERIAL OF THE RÉGENCE (1715-1723) STYLE, BUT CUT IN THE FASHION OF LOUIS XV.'S REIGN; A WOMAN'S EMBROIDERED COAT OF VELVET, AND A COAT OF CUT VELVET IN ROBE DE ROSE SUIT, c. 1725.



A WOMAN'S DRESS IN IVORY WHITE SILK; A MAN'S SUIT IN GREY AND GREEN VELVET; A WOMAN'S DRESS IN HEAVY BROCADED SILK OF FAR EASTERN MANUFACTURE, AND A MAN'S SUIT IN ROSE COLOUR EMBROIDERED WITH GREEN SILK AND WITH PAILLETES.



MAN'S SUIT, c. 1735, IN TOBACCO-COLOURED VELVET EMBROIDERED IN GOLD; AND TWO WOMEN'S DRESSES, c. 1730. THE MATERIAL FOR THAT IN THE CENTRE IS OF RÉGENCE DESIGN, BUT THE STYLE IS OF LOUIS XV. FASHION.



A RICH ROBE DE CHAMBER OF BROCADE WORN OVER VELVET BREECHES; AND, DRAPE OVER THE CHAIR, A SPLENDIDLY EMBROIDERED COAT OF VELVET, AND A COAT OF CUT VELVET IN ROBE DE ROSE SUIT, c. 1725.



WOMAN'S DRESS WITH JACKET AND IN CHAIN STITCH; MAN'S SUIT IN GREEN GOLD FOUNDATION; A MAN'S SUIT IN PINK SILK EMBROIDERED WITH FLOWERS.

THE ANCIEN RÉGIME: EXQUISITE PERIOD COSTUMES IN THE CARNAVALET MUSEUM, PARIS.



MAN'S SUIT OF ROSE-COLOURED SATIN EMBROIDERED IN WHITE SILK IN CHAIN STITCH; WOMAN'S DRESS IN THE "ENGLISH STYLE" (À L'ANGLAISE) IN PINK STRIPED SILK PATTERNED WITH BOUQUETS OF DIFFERENT COLOURED FLOWERS.



CARRIED OUT IN WHITE SILK, EMBROIDERED IN CHAIN STITCH WITH BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS IN MANY COLOURS; A DRESS DATING FROM THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV. (PERIOD 1750-1770) SHOWING THE HIGH PANNIER.



FICHU IN WHITE MUSLIN EMBROIDERED VELVET CUT TO SHOW STRIPES OF THE MUSTARD-COLOURED VELVET, AND A PINK SILK EMBROIDERED WITH FLOWERS.



MAN'S SUIT OF LOUIS XV. STYLE, THE COAT AND THE WAISTCOAT EMBROIDERED WITH METAL THREAD AND SPARKLING PAILLETES, AND THE BREECHES PLAIN; AND A WOMAN'S DRESS IN BROCADED SILK OF VIOLET COLOUR, c. 1725.



A MAN'S SUIT, WITH EMBROIDERY ON WAISTCOAT, BREECHES AND COAT, AND A LACE JAROT; AND A WOMAN'S DRESS IN PALE-BLUE SATIN BROCADED WITH STRIPES IN RED AND GREEN—PERIOD 1770-1781.



A SUPERB WOMAN'S DRESS, c. 1755, OF CREAM-COLOURED PAILLE, BROCADED IN MANY COLOURS WITH A HANDSOME DESIGN OF TULIPS. THE HAIR AT THIS TIME WAS STILL DRESSED LOW AND WORN WITH CURES AT EACH SIDE.



A MAN'S SUIT IN MUSTARD YELLOW (LEFT), ANOTHER (BACKGROUND) IN PALE BLUE, AND A WOMAN'S DRESS, WITH JACKET EMBROIDERED IN PALE-BLUE SATIN STRIPED WITH YELLOW. ON THE FLOOR IN A TAFFETA DRESS IN "ENGLISH STYLE" IN STRIPED GREY, PINK AND GREEN—MAN.



A SUPERB WOMAN'S DRESS, c. 1755, OF CREAM-COLOURED PAILLE, BROCADED IN MANY COLOURS WITH A HANDSOME DESIGN OF TULIPS. THE HAIR AT THIS TIME WAS STILL DRESSED LOW AND WORN WITH CURES AT EACH SIDE.

(Continued.)
and with white nylon wigs. No modern mannequins or effigies could have been used, as eighteenth-century men and women had far more slender waists and narrower shoulders than contemporary French people. The exhibition has been divided into five periods—1715-1723, the Regency of Philippe d'Orléans during the minority of Louis XV.; 1724-1750, the beginning of Louis XV.'s reign; the second half of it, from 1750-1770; the end, and the beginning of Louis XVI.'s reign—1770-1781; and the years of the reign of Louis XVI., from 1781 until the Revolution in 1789. The pannier appeared in France after 1710. When Marie-Antoinette began to enjoy "pastoral" pleasures at La Petit Trianon, women's dress became simpler.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE EARTH-PIG'S SUPERB DIGGING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE aardvark is the encyclopædist's wish-fulfilment.

It gives him his first natural history entry, the more striking because of the unusual appearance of the animal itself. The aardvark is also, zoologically, an anachronism, on two counts: it is a survivor into modern times from a race once widely spread over Europe, Asia and Africa; it is nocturnal, when there seems little reason why it could not be active by day. Common now over the southern half of Africa it must formerly have inhabited the Nile Valley in historic times, since representations of it are found among the relics of Ancient Egypt. Yet on its home ground it is seldom seen except when dug out of the ground by natives, who apparently eat the flesh of its pig-like body. Other characteristic features of the [earth-pig, or ant-bear, to give alternative names, are the long muzzle truncated in front where the nostrils are situated, the long, sensitive, almost ass-like, ears, and the kangaroo-like tail. The legs are short and robust, the four toes on each foot armed with large claws. The skin is tough and greyish and the body is covered with somewhat sparse long hairs, greyish-brown in colour, and thicker on the hind-part of the body than on the fore-quarters and head. The only striking feature remaining to be described is its very small mouth, through which can be extruded a long, sticky tongue, less than 9 ins. in length when at rest in the mouth but capable of being stretched to double this when in use.

An 18-in. tongue in a beast measuring some 4 ft. in length, the tail adding another 2 ft. to this, suggests immediately the ant-eater, although the body lacks the heavy armour of the pangolin and other ant-eaters. It has, however, the reduction in the teeth which is carried to its limit in the true ant-eaters, there being no incisors or canines and only simple peg-like cheek teeth. It was this feature that caused its classification formerly with pangolins, armadillos and sloths in the order Edentata (the toothless animals, so-called), whereas to-day it is placed near the hoofed animals because of the hoof-like nature of its claws, and for other anatomical affinities. But however close or distant its relation to elephants and rhinoceros, and the horses and cloven-hoofed animals may be, it is still separated sharply by its diet. It will, on occasion, eat vegetable matter, digging out certain kinds of tubers, but its chief food is termites, which it also digs out. Indeed, it digs for a living in every sense of the word.

Although the aardvark, if alarmed, can travel over the ground at a fair pace in spite of the heavy body and short legs, and the clawed toes which were never made for speed, it prefers to burrow for safety. According to Stevenson-Hamilton: "In soft earth it can burrow so fast that it makes more progress than several men digging hard. Its capture is therefore

a matter of considerable difficulty." Slater described it as digging so fast "that they are stated to sink out of sight in a very few minutes." It is said to be practically useless to try to dig out an aardvark. Not only are the tunnels exceedingly deep "but the animal will burrow energetically away from any sound of danger, whilst the quantity of loose earth thrown up behind renders it impossible for a dog to follow it underground." Usually solitary in habit, an aardvark

I suggested earlier on that the nocturnal habits of the aardvark constituted an anomaly. We normally think of animals that are active by night as belonging to one of two groups, those which avoid attack by moving under cover of darkness and those whose prey is most active at night. The aardvark's method of finding its food is, typically, to tear a lump out of the side of a termite and, having disturbed the inhabitants, to thrust the long tongue into their galleries and pick up the termites. Night-time is probably the best time for finding them at home and

so the best time for obtaining the biggest meal with the minimum of effort. This alone may explain the nocturnal habit. Aardvarks will also prey upon species of termite that do not throw up a hill, and will trench the ground to follow up their tunnels. They will also take those that swarm in rotten wood. In fact, wherever the termite seeks shelter the aardvark's claws will tear it out.

If it is not the feeding that makes the aardvark nocturnal, is it the vulnerability to attack? We have already seen that it can travel at a fair speed over ground and although this speed is not sufficient in a long chase, there is the

advantage of numerous bolt-holes and an ability to make a new one on the spot in time of need, and to do so faster than several men could dig. Another natural safeguard is the animal's acute senses, especially of hearing and smell, and an awareness of the approach of an enemy while it is still some distance away. Like certain other acutely sensitive animals, an aardvark is very wary of a trap. Where traps have been set at the mouth of its burrow it has been known to stay at home for days and, if the trap is not

then removed, tunnel out by a new route. When out in the open, suspicion of an intruder will bring the animal up on to its hind-quarters, the stout tail being used in the manner reminiscent of a kangaroo, and so poised it will gaze around, sniff the air, listen with one ear moving independently of the other. In this position, moreover, it is well placed for defence, striking hard with its powerful front feet.

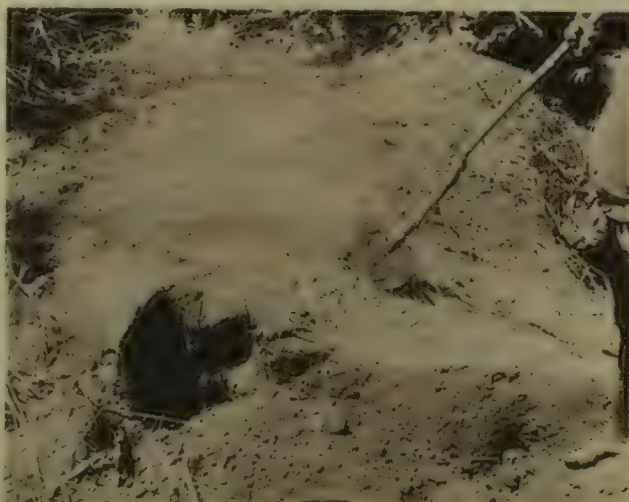
The enemies appear to be the big cats, leopards and lions, and also the badger-like ratel, while wart-hogs will eat the young. Sometimes the kill is clean, probably when the ant-bear has been taken by stealth; but if given time it will turn completely on to its back and use its powerful claws. In one instance, when an aardvark was killed by a lion, the ground was torn up in all directions, suggesting that the termite-eater had given the carnivore a tough struggle for its meal. However, flight and, above all, the superb ability to dig are in the end the first line of defence, for like other animals with acute senses, moles, shrews and others, even a moderate blow on the head is usually fatal.



WITH THE HUMAN FOOT FOR COMPARISON: THE HIND-FOOT OF AN AARDVARK, WHICH HAS ONLY FOUR TOES BUT THEY ARE ARMED WITH LARGE CLAWS.



EQUIPPED WITH MASSIVE CLAWS BY WHICH THE ANIMAL CAN DIG INTO THE GROUND FASTER THAN SEVERAL MEN COULD DIG: THE FRONT FOOT OF AN AARDVARK.



A TERMITE MOUND, SHOWING WHERE AN AARDVARK HAS BROKEN IN TO FEED ON THE TERMITES. USUALLY THE AARDVARK CLAWS A PIECE OUT OF THE SIDE, SAMPLES THE INSECTS AND MOVES ON TO ANOTHER NEST—ALMOST AN EXAMPLE OF HAVING YOUR CAKE AND EATING IT TOO.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE AARDVARK'S BURROW. THE AARDVARK SLEEPS BY DAY, COMING OUT AT NIGHT TO FEED ON TERMITES. THE UNDERGROUND TUNNELS ARE EXCEPTIONALLY DEEP, WELL BELOW THE LEVEL TO WHICH THE RAINS WILL PENETRATE, AND SOME OF THEM ARE MILES APART.



FAIRLY COMMON IN MOST PARTS OF AFRICA SOUTH OF THE SAHARA, ESPECIALLY IN GRASS-COVERED LAND: THE AARDVARK, OR EARTH-PIG, WHICH IS RARELY SEEN ON ACCOUNT OF ITS NOCTURNAL HABITS.

Illustrations reproduced by kind permission of l'Institut des Parcs Nationaux du Congo Belge.

has several burrows to which it can retreat, some of them miles apart. Where the beast is common in a particular locality the ground may be honeycombed with their burrows the effectiveness of which, as refuges from pursuit, is seen from their use by other animals, notably the wart-hogs.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



RETIRING FROM POLITICAL LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA : MR. HAVENGA, WHO IS SEVENTY-TWO.
Mr. Havenga, the South African Minister of Finance and Deputy Prime Minister, who was Dr. Malan's own choice for the Premiership, surrendered without a struggle at a private meeting of the National Party Parliamentary caucus in Pretoria on November 30, when Mr. Strydom was elected Premier. Mr. Havenga later announced his retirement from public life.



APPOINTED ITALIAN AMBASSADOR IN WASHINGTON : DR. BROSIO.

Dr. Brosio, Italian Ambassador to London since 1952, and formerly to Moscow, has been appointed Ambassador to the U.S. He left politics when Fascism triumphed. He was Member of the National Liberation Committee, 1943-44; Vice-President of the de Gasperi Government, 1945; and Minister of War.



THE NEW ITALIAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON : COUNT VITTORIO ZOPPI.

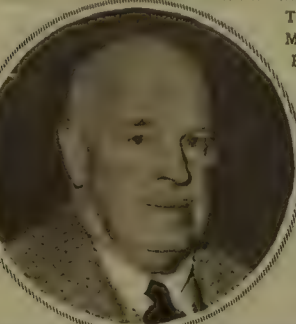
Count Zoppi, Secretary-General in the Italian Foreign Ministry since 1948, is to succeed Dr. Brosio as Italian Ambassador in London. Aged fifty-six, he is Italy's senior career diplomat. He has been *en poste* in many countries, and from 1945-48 was Director-General of Political Affairs, Foreign Ministry.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE, AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



AWARDED THE VEITCH MEMORIAL MEDAL : MR. CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

Mr. Clarence Elliott, who has now for over five years written our "In An English Garden" page, was on December 1 awarded, by the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society, the Veitch Memorial Medal (Silver Medal and £25) for his work in introducing new plants and extending the knowledge of rock-garden plants. He received the Victoria Medal of Honour in 1952.



THE NEW CHIEF OF CLAN MACNAB : MR. ARCHIBALD CORRIE MACNABB.

Lord Lyon, King-of-Arms, has recognised Mr. Archibald Corrie Macnabb, of Kinnell, as 22nd Chief from Gilbert Macnab of Bovain, 1336. He succeeds in virtue of a deed of resignation by his nephew as he, having acquired the ancient seat of the Macnab, is in a better position to maintain the dignity and worthily represent the Clan.



DIED ON NOVEMBER 30, AGED SIXTY-EIGHT : DR. WILHELM FURTWÄNGLER.

The eminent musician, Dr. Furtwängler, who died in Bavaria, was a frequent guest conductor in this country, where he made his first appearance in 1924. Born in 1886, he succeeded Richard Strauss as Director of the Symphony Concerts for the Berlin State Opera in 1920; and was subsequently Conductor of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (1927-30); and of the Berlin State Opera (1933-34). He conducted at Salzburg, Lucerne and Bayreuth Festivals and at Milan; and was conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, 1927-29.

A LOSS TO THE BRITISH LABOUR PARTY : THE LATE LORD SHEPHERD.

Lord Shepherd, who died on December 4, aged seventy-three, had been Opposition Chief Whip in the House of Lords since 1951; previously, from 1949, he had been the Labour Government Chief Whip. He started his working life as a shop assistant and later became national agent of the Labour Party, to which he devoted so much service.



RECEIVING THE ROYAL MEDAL FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS FOR HIS WORK ON NUCLEAR AND ATOMIC PHYSICS : SIR JOHN COCKCROFT (RIGHT). The two Royal Medals of the Royal Society for the current year were awarded to Sir John Cockcroft for his work on nuclear and atomic physics, and Professor H. A. Krebs for his contributions to biochemistry. Dr. E. D. Adrian, O.M., made the presentations on November 30.



IN SWITZERLAND FOR A THREE-DAY OFFICIAL VISIT : THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA WITH MR. RODOLPHE RUBATEL, PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATION.

The Emperor of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie, arrived in Berne on November 25 for a three-day official visit to Switzerland. He was welcomed at the railway station by the President of the Confederation, who drove with him to Schloss Jegenstorf, near Berne, where he stayed.



TWO MILITARY LEADERS OF WORLD WAR II. MEET EACH OTHER FOR THE FIRST TIME : FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY (RIGHT), WITH GENERAL MACARTHUR.

Before leaving New York by air for London on December 3, after a three-week visit to Canada and the United States, Field Marshal Lord Montgomery spent two hours with General of the Army MacArthur, formerly C-in-C, United Nations Forces in Korea. It was their first meeting.



SIGNING THE MUTUAL SECURITY PACT BETWEEN HIS COUNTRY AND THE UNITED STATES : MR. G. K. C. YEH, FOREIGN MINISTER OF NATIONALIST CHINA, WITH MR. DULLES (LEFT).

On December 1, Mr. Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State, announced that the United States had concluded a pact of mutual security with the Nationalist Chinese Government for the defence of Formosa and the Pescadores. Mr. Dulles said "If Formosa were attacked, we would take retaliatory action."

OCCASIONS ROYAL, CEREMONIAL, ATHLETIC, AN AUCTION RECORD, AND TWO INVENTIONS.



A MACHINE WHICH GIVES A MAN THE POWERS OF A HUMMING-BIRD: MR. PAUL ZIEGLER IN THE ONE-MAN HELICOPTER HE HAS DESIGNED AND IS HERE DEMONSTRATING. This one-man helicopter has been designed and developed by Mr. Paul Ziegler for the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation of America. It is stated to weigh about 400 lb. and to be "capable of 60 knots." It is powered by a two-cycle standard water-cooled engine; and has been demonstrated to the U.S. Army.



A TWO-DOLLAR SECTION OF A LOT OF 10,422 U.S. 1893 COLUMBUS EXHIBITION STAMPS, THE WHOLE OF WHICH REACHED THE RECORD PRICE OF £13,250 IN LONDON. On November 30 the exceptional lot of 10,422 U.S. 1893 Columbus Exhibition stamps offered in the 2500th sale of H. R. Harmer Ltd., of Bond Street, was bought for £13,250 by Mr. Raymond H. Weill, of New Orleans. The figure is the highest ever obtained at any stamp auction for a single lot.



THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY PARADE OF THE ÉCOLE POLYTECHNIQUE OF FRANCE, PAST THE FLAG OF THE SENIOR CLASS. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE FIRST FLAG. France's École Polytechnique, the military engineering academy, was founded 150 years ago by the Emperor Napoleon; and the flag presented by him to the first class of the school was present at the recent anniversary parade and was honoured simultaneously with the flag of the current class.



A RUSSIAN SHALLOW-DRAUGHT WATER-JET-PROPELLED CUTTER RECENTLY DEVELOPED FOR USE IN THE UPPER REACHES OF RIVERS AND IN THEIR SHALLOW TRIBUTARIES. This interesting vessel has a pump and water-jet device, and in trial runs has been found very manoeuvrable and well-suited for shallow waters. In principle it seems somewhat similar to the Home Office *Bikini* innatable raft for fire-fighting purposes, illustrated in our issue of November 6.



REPEATING THE TRIPLE TIE OF 1952: THE FIRST THREE MEN OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM FILLING THE FIRST THREE PLACES IN THE MATCH AGAINST CAMBRIDGE. In the inter-University match at Roehampton on December 4, Oxford (1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 11th) beat Cambridge (4th, 6th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 12th) by 29 points to 49; and Oxford's leaders, A. J. Weeks-Pearson (centre), I. H. Boyd (left) and C. W. Suddaby, joined arms to finish in the excellent time of 40 mins. 33.5 secs. Weeks-Pearson was in a similar finish in 1952.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, ACCOMPANIED BY THE VICAR, ARRIVING AT THE SITE OF THE CHURCH TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE RESTORED PARISH CHURCH OF ST. HELEN, NORTH KENSINGTON, ON THE MORNING OF DECEMBER 4. LADY RACHEL DAVIDSON WAS IN ATTENDANCE.



SHOWING THE WORK OF CONSTRUCTION NEARING COMPLETION: A VIEW OF THE NEW MILITARY CANTONMENT OF DHEKELIA, IN THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.



KYRENIA, A SEASIDE TOWN ON THE NORTH COAST OF CYPRUS: A VIEW SHOWING THE HARBOUR AND THE HILLS BEHIND, THE SITUATION OF THE HOUSES IN WHICH GENERAL SIR CHARLES KEIGHTLEY, THE C-IN-C, AND AIR MARSHAL SIR CLAUDE PELLY WILL LIVE.

THE NEW MIDDLE EAST JOINT GENERAL HEADQUARTERS IN CYPRUS: VIEWS OF DHEKELIA MILITARY CANTONMENT, AND OF KYRENIA HARBOUR AND TOWN.

On November 24 the first section of General Headquarters, Middle East Land Forces, arrived by air at Nicosia, Cyprus, from the Suez Canal Zone; and it was arranged that further parties would follow, both by sea and air, until the complete H.Q. Staff, consisting of some 1200, was assembled—the Army at Wolseley Barracks and the R.A.F. personnel at the R.A.F. airfield. The move is not the result of the Anglo-Egyptian agreement on the Canal Zone, but was decided on two years ago, as it was desired to

create an integrated G.H.Q. In the Canal Zone the Middle East G.H.Q. Land Forces under General Sir Charles Keightley was separated by 25 miles from the G.H.Q. Middle East Air Force under Air Marshal Sir Claude Pelly. General Sir Charles Keightley made his official entry into his new H.Q. on December 1; and Air Marshal Sir Claude Pelly was expected on December 10. The C-in-C. and other officers will live behind Kyrenia. Married quarters for R.A.F. personnel are being built near Nicosia.



PIGEONS LARGER THAN HAWKS: A GERMAN PIGEON FANCIER WITH ONE OF THE HUGE PIGEONS WHICH HE HAS BRED. THE BIRD MEASURES 1 FT. 9½ INS. IN LENGTH AND HAS A WING-SPAN OF 3 FT. 11½ INS.

THE ROVING CAMERA: A PICTORIAL RECORD OF SOME RECENT NEWS ITEMS FROM FAR AND NEAR.



CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A MEAL: A 3½-FT. RATTLESNAKE SWALLOWING A SQUIRREL.

This photograph, taken by Mr. M. L. Tanney and reproduced here by courtesy of *State Times and Morning Advocate* of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, U.S.A., was taken in the grounds of Baton Rouge General Hospital by Mr. J. R. Martin, of Grosse Tête, who caught and killed the snake at Bayou Bleu, then brought it to Baton Rouge.



TRANSFORMING ASCOT RACECOURSE: AN AERIAL VIEW OF SOME OF THE ALTERATIONS TO THE WORLD-FAMOUS COURSE WHICH ARE NOW WELL UNDER WAY. WHEN FINISHED, THE COURSE SHOULD BE ONE OF THE BEST IN EUROPE.

The Queen has given permission for a move to the new course at Ascot next year, and immediately after the October meeting the necessary alterations were started. The Royal Enclosure is to be almost doubled in size, and when all the other alterations have been completed the course should be the most comfortable, well-equipped and most easily visible in Europe.



GENERAL DE GAULLE, ADDRESSING THE R.F.F. IN THE SPEECH IN WHICH HE URGED AN APPROACH TO RUSSIA.

On Dec. 4 General de Gaulle asked for three things before the agreements on German rearming were ratified: France to make a final approach to Russia, France to be free to move troops overseas without N.A.T.O. permission, and a final settlement of the Saar question.



A BULLET-PROOF WAISTCOAT, WITH LAYERS OF NYLON AND GLASS FIBRE, WHICH HAS BEEN DESIGNED FOR THE SWEDISH ARMY AND MAY BE SOON INTRODUCED. This photograph shows a new type of protective waistcoat, made of several layers of nylon with glass-fibre sheeting, which is designed to turn rifle bullets and shell splinters. Its weight is 4.3 kilograms (about 9½ lb.), and it is expected to be issued shortly to the Swedish Army.



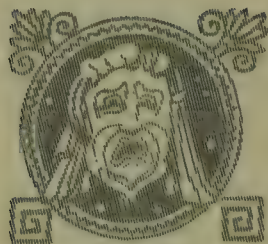
A MODEL OF A NEW TYPE OF DEEP-SEA "BATHYSCAPHE" OF ITALIAN DESIGN, WHICH WAS RECENTLY TESTED AT NAPLES. PROFESSOR PICCARD'S SON WAS PRESENT. This deep-sea exploration vessel has at present reached model stage and has been designed by two Italian engineers, one of whom, Dr. Antoni (with white hair and dark-rimmed glasses) can be seen in the centre of the picture. Professor Piccard's son has accompanied his father in deep-sea dives.



THE FOAL WHICH FETCHED 19,000 GUINEAS—THE RECORD PRICE FOR A FOAL IN THIS COUNTRY—BEING SHOWN IN THE RING AT THE NEWMARKET SALES ON DECEMBER 6.

On December 6, during the Newmarket December Sales, when thirteen mares and foals from the late Mr. J. A. Dewar's stud were being sold, the record price of a foal in this country was paid for a chestnut colt foal by *Fair Trial* out of *Monsoon*. The sum was 19,000 guineas and the purchaser was Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham, the American race-horse owner, who is also the head of the Elizabeth Arden cosmetic firm. The previous record price for a foal in England was the

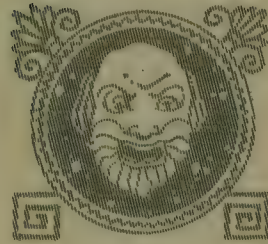
7200 guineas paid for *Adstock* at these sales in 1945; but this figure was twice passed on December 6, as 11,000 guineas was paid by Mr. R. Kleber, of Texas, for a chestnut filly foal by *Prince Chevalier* out of *Commotion*. The aggregate for the thirteen mares and foals was 94,490 guineas, and more horses from the same stud of the late Mr. J. A. Dewar were to come up later in the week. Two mares, *Neola* and *Goblet*, fetched 15,500 and 8,600 guineas respectively.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

WILD SWEDEN AND FERNANDEL.

By ALAN DENT.



ART vies with Nature in the past fortnight of film-going, and Nature must, on the whole, be the declared winner. For no better film about wild life than Arne Sucksdorff's "The Great Adventure" has ever been seen, not even excepting Walt Disney's distinguished series about beavers, coyotes, and tarantulas. The Swedish film gives us nothing wilder than foxes, owls, and otters in a place no wilder or farther from home than the heart of Sweden. But it is photographed so subtly, so lovingly, so tenderly, that we come away opining that Mr. Disney's explorations into the animal world are mere melodramas in comparison with this lyrical tragi-comedy.

The film's opening is, on the whole, the most exquisite prelude I have ever seen to any film. It is simply a series of sunrise shots—sky, tree, lake, flower, grass, and for culmination a spider's web in close-up, weighted down with beads of dew which catch the morning's sun. This culmination is like one of those piercingly simple lyrics which Thomas Hardy used cunningly to insert among his most involved and tortured verses, turning from the storm and stress of human emotion to a clear and heartfree ditty about spring weather "when showers betumble the chestnut spikes" or about autumn weather when "drops on gate-bars hang in a row." Or, staying away from literature and remaining in the world of the cinema, this whole prelude is like nothing so much as the best things in the unforgettable, unforgotten film called "Earth," by Dovzhenko (1930).

The human element comes along eventually. But it is no more than a simple farming homestead—a farmer who is worried to death about foxes which worry his poultry to death, and two small boys who secretly adopt and pet an otter which proceeds to eat them out of house and home and pocket-money—such is its appetite for fish—all through the winter. Sucksdorff, who has written, filmed, edited and directed this epical lyric, seems to be more interested in his otter and in his family of foxes than in these human beings. If he has a fault it is a slight sentimental bias. We are obviously expected to feel sorry for the fox-cubs in their hunger. But what about the poor fowls which Reynard persistently raids? The director keeps his sympathetic close-ups for the foxes.

Once at a country-house I observed two beautiful ladies, my hostess and a guest, rushing to the lawn to "rescue" the house's pet Siamese cat which was molesting a young rabbit which had inadvertently strayed there from the woodlands surrounding us. The cat was brought indoors and cosseted because it had received a scratch on its nose from the young rabbit. While this was going on I went to the bottom of the lawn and discovered the little rabbit panting in pain in some undergrowth. The only thing to do was to put it out of its misery with a sharp blow behind the ears with the side of my hand. I told the

ladies about this sequel to the incident. One of them said:—"Serve it right for straying on to our lawn!" and the other wholeheartedly agreed. There is no such thing as rationality in such matters. The only moral to be drawn is that I prefer a rabbit to a cat,

detached about the pet otter over whom a host of children and grown-ups over the Christmas season will be openly and unashamedly undetached to the point of infatuation.

Just as Reynard in this beautiful film has too many mouths to feed, so the elder Saint-Forget in "The Sheep has Five Legs" has had so many children that he does not know what to do with them, like the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. This is an amusing Maupassantish story of an old French villager and his quintuplets, now grown men of forty. All six of them, the father and the five sons, are played by the same actor, Fernandel, and if we did not have in mind our own Alec Guinness's similar achievements in "Kind Hearts and Coronets" we should call this virtuosity unprecedented. The old father is rather too obviously just Fernandel made up to look like a grandfather.

But the five sons are delightfully and clearly differentiated. Alain is a bouncing and prosperous owner of a beauty-parlour, gliding through his customers with the lordliest air imaginable, smearing a face here, patting a knee there: he is blandness personified. Désiré is a hapless and roguish window-cleaner with an over-fruitful wife: he is the black sheep of the quintuplets. Etienne is the master of a cargo-ship, a ship so idle that the entire crew appears to spend its time gambling. Bernard is a journalist who runs a column giving advice to young lovers and the like, and signing it "Aunt Nicole." Charles is a country-priest who has to live a life of seclusion, so far as his parishioners will let him, because there has recently been shown in the village a film called "Don Camillo" and the priest's resemblance to a chief character in that film is laughably obvious.

The task is entrusted to the village-doctor of rounding up these five sons and bringing them home to spend their fortieth birthday with their old father, thus bringing publicity and a new lease of prosperity to their native village. The film is unequal, but most of it is enjoyable in its earthy, very French way. Its primary virtue is that it gives us six sides of the many-sided Fernandel.

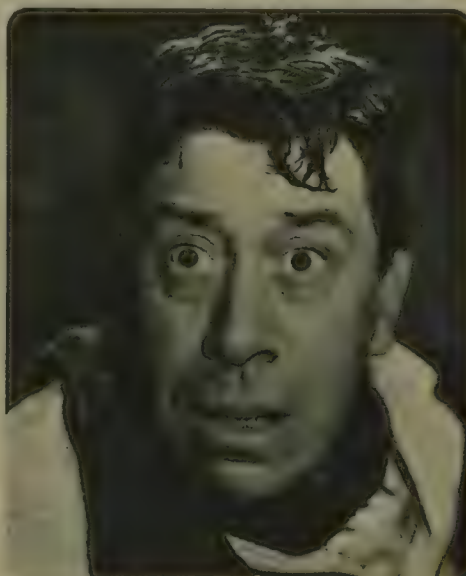
In the same programme at the Cameo-Poly is a brilliant new Disney nature-film called "Water-Birds" which gives us intimate glimpses of the home-life of birds as disparate as the coot and the flamingo, the gannet and the dipper (which, the commentator states, haunts waterfalls and builds its lonely nest beside them though it can neither dive nor swim). In

the same programme with "The Great Adventure" at the Academy in Oxford Street is Luis Bunuel's haunting and remarkable "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," which I described and recommended here a few weeks ago. I particularise both these programmes because both are exceptional and choice, and because both are likely to continue over the holiday season.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



FERNANDEL AS ALAIN, THE PROPRIETOR OF A FAMOUS BEAUTY SALON.



FERNANDEL AS DÉSIRÉ, A WINDOW-CLEANER WITH "AN OVER-FRUITFUL WIFE."



FERNANDEL AS ETIENNE, MASTER OF A CARGO SHIP IN THE SOUTH SEAS.



FERNANDEL AS BERNARD, A JOURNALIST WHO GIVES ADVICE TO YOUNG LOVERS IN A MAGAZINE COLUMN.



FERNANDEL AS CHARLES, PASTOR OF THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF MORUAN.

In "The Sheep Has Five Legs" (Miracle Films Ltd.), which opened at the Cameo-Polytechnic, Upper Regent Street, on Nov. 25, the famous French actor Fernandel plays six parts—as the father and as each of his forty-year-old quintuplet sons. In selecting Fernandel as the outstanding actor of the fortnight, Mr. Dent writes: "He is not only a great comedian in the true French tradition. He is also a talented and versatile actor who can touch the emotions at will. His natural mask is as grotesque as that of the circus clown. But it is astoundingly malleable. In his best films—"The Virtuous Isidore," "Carnet de Bal," "Don Camillo"—he is unforgettable in his queer blend of pathos and rich humour, and in his present film, "The Sheep Has Five Legs," he shows us no fewer than six of the many sides of his art."

whereas these ladies—as do most ladies—prefer a cat to a rabbit:

Similarly this Swedish director, Sucksdorff, rather too manifestly prefers foxes to poultry. He photographs the

former so lovingly that all ladies, excepting possibly the wives of farmers, will be with him. But it is only in this instance that this genius shows anything other than perfect detachment. He is perfectly detached, for example, about an incidental lynx which snarls at us every ten minutes or so, and about two moping and inscrutable owls, and only a shade less



FERNANDEL AS THE FATHER OF THE FORTY-YEAR-OLD QUINTUPLET SONS.

AN AMATEUR PRODUCTION THE QUEEN HONOURED: "A PENNY FOR A SONG."



THE GENERAL SCENE IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE PRODUCTION OF "A PENNY FOR A SONG." SIR TIMOTHY IS BY THE WELL, HUMPAGE IN THE TREE LOOK-OUT.



LAMPRETT BELLBOYS (CENTRE) ADDRESSES HUMPAGE, THE WATCHMAN IN THE TREE. ON THE LEFT, HESTER BELLBOYS IS BESIDE THE SMALL BOY, JONATHAN WATKINS.



THE BOLD SIR TIMOTHY, DISGUISED AS NAPOLEON, IN THE CAR OF THE BALLOON: A MOST DELIGHTFUL SCENE IN JOHN WHITING'S COMEDY, "A PENNY FOR A SONG."



HALLAM MATTHEWS (LEFT) SPEAKS: "YOU HAVE A MOST UNFAIR ADVANTAGE. YOU ARE YOUNG." IN THE CENTRE, HESTER; RIGHT, THE SOLDIER, EDWARD STERNE, AND DORCAS BELLBOYS, THE TWO CHARACTERS WHO SUPPLY THE LOVE-INTEREST OF THE PLAY.



THE MALE PRINCIPALS OF THE PLAY: (SEATED, L. TO R.) HALLAM MATTHEWS AND LAMPRETT BELLBOYS; (STANDING, L. TO R.) GEORGE SELINCOURT, EDWARD STERNE, WILLIAM HUMPAGE AND SIR TIMOTHY BELLBOYS.



OTHER CHARACTERS OF THE FANTASTIC COMEDY: (SEATED, L. TO R.) THE REV. JOSEPH BROTHERHOOD, HESTER BELLBOYS, AND DORCAS BELLBOYS; (STANDING, L. TO R.) PIPPIN, RUFUS PIGGOTT, AND SAMUEL BREEZE.



THE WELL-HEAD OF SIR TIMOTHY BELLBOYS'S HOUSE—WITH SIR TIMOTHY IN IT, AND MOST OF HIS RELATIONS AND RETAINERS GATHERED AROUND HIM IN HIS PLIGHT. THE CAST OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE PRODUCTION OF THE PLAY.



SIR TIMOTHY (RIGHT) DENIES THAT HE IS NAPOLEON: "I AM A WYKEHAMIST." LEFT, GEORGE SELINCOURT, IN UNIFORM, WITH THE REV. JOSEPH BROTHERHOOD.



HESTER BELLBOYS, IN THE PANOPLY OF BRITANNIA, PROCLAIMS: "IF ONE GOES DOWN, ONE SHOULD GO DOWN MAGNIFICENTLY. AN ENGLISHMAN'S PREROGATIVE."



THE FINAL CURTAIN OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE DRAMATIC SOCIETY'S PRODUCTION OF "A PENNY FOR A SONG," WHICH THE QUEEN HONOURED WITH HER PRESENCE.

On December 2 her Majesty the Queen honoured with her presence a special performance at the Scala Theatre by the Stock Exchange Amateur Dramatic Society of John Whiting's comedy, "A Penny for a Song," the Lady Rose Baring and Captain the Lord Plunket being in attendance. The proceeds of the evening were in aid of King Edward VII.'s Hospital for Officers. The Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society, which is in its fiftieth year, gives many performances for charities, and has been frequently honoured by the attendance of Royalty.

The play, which was produced by Peter Simpson, is a fantastic and delightful comedy of an invasion scare on the Dorset coast in the year 1804 and was first produced at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, in March 1951, with a memorable cast, including Marie Löhr, Alan Webb, the late Basil Radford, Ronald Squire and Virginia McKenna, and with decorations by Emmett. In the Stock Exchange production, to mention a few, Sir Timothy was played by Adolph Woolf, Hallam by Denis Brown, Hester by Peggy Graham, and Dorcas by Angela Green.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MOSTLY KENNEL TALK.

By FRANK DAVIS.

experts to decide what to call the two lop-eared, smooth-haired animals to the right, and hereby invite anyone who up till to-day has been a trifle scared by talk about art to recognise that in spite of their formidable reputation and the art critics' jargon, great men have their feet firmly on the ground. For a more modern example I recommend Courbet's greyhound (Fig. 2)—the dog which appears in his Ornans picture (seen in a recent exhibition at Reid and Lefèvre's.

Dürer made the engraving of the Vision of Saint Eustace in 1502, when he was thirty. Some will hold that he never did anything finer, not even the better-known and more popular "Adam and Eve" two years later; but then, people will argue about that sort of thing for ever. What you will find, if you become interested in the subject and take the trouble to enquire further, is that this remarkable achievement is the culmination of about half-a-century of hard work

and experiment by many of Dürer's predecessors and near contemporaries—men like Israel van Meckenem, who died in 1503, and Martin Schongauer (1445-91), the latter an engraver of very special talent. You look at something by him and wonder whether anything better can ever be produced, until you see a Dürer; you get to know Dürer, and decide that he is the supreme master of this enchanting craft of line engraving; and then you make the acquaintance of Rembrandt's etchings of more than a century later and realise that this exciting world contains yet more delights; and so you continue until the end of your days.

And if engravers, who necessarily work on a small scale, are found to be difficult, there are no end of painters who all have their own notions of what a fine dog, whether sporting or domestic, should be, from the noble, sad brown animal in "The Death of Procris" by Piero di Cosimo, to the little lapdog in the arms of a small boy in Titian's huge canvas of "The Vendramin Family," both in the National Gallery—these and others, quite apart from those by men recognised as sporting painters *par excellence*—people of the calibre of Henry Alken and the much greater George Stubbs, than whom no better man ever existed when it came to a portrait of a foxhound, as witness the work he did for Lord Yarborough's ancestor in Lincolnshire.

Indeed, the more I think of it, the more canines by both great artists and little I can remember, including a good-humoured, beautifully composed engraving by one of Dürer's predecessors mentioned previously—Van Meckenem. In this some hares have captured a hunter and his hounds and are busy roasting them on a spit, a typical mediæval *jeu d'esprit* akin to those rustic carvings beneath the seats in choir-stalls of Gothic cathedrals in which a keen understanding of animal anatomy is combined with the sense of humour of an Æsop.

Finally, just to produce yet further proof that other people as well as the English understand the nature and attributes of dogs, I would remind you first of Frans Snyders, the seventeenth-century Flemish painter whose enormous canvases of ravening hounds were wonderfully popular in this country, and of J. B. Oudry (Paris—1686-1755), who is regarded with reason as one of the finest decorative painters of his century, but who—in my opinion—can also, on the evidence of many of his paintings, claim to be as fine a connoisseur of what a gun-dog should be as any man before or since. Attempts by his more enthusiastic followers to claim for Thomas Rowlandson a place among these experts are, to my mind, impertinent—as impertinent as the vast majority of his dogs, who are mostly gutter mongrels and cockney comedians, whereas the dogs I am talking about—and specially so when we see them through the eyes of Dürer and of Oudry—are grave professionals, with a proper pride in their skill, earning their living by honest work and the discipline of the chase, neither lapdogs, nor tavern scroungers nor self-conscious boulevardiers. I now await with equanimity rebukes from learned circles for pointing out what excellent sportsmen were the solemn sixteenth-century German, Albrecht Dürer, and the grave nineteenth-century Frenchman, Gustave Courbet.



MEN, my grandmother used to say—and women knew a lot way down in Dorset in those days—always grow like their dogs. I just remember my grandfather; he had side-whiskers and a spaniel and the spaniel seemed to have side-whiskers too—at any rate, to my infant eyes; and as the two were inseparable, no doubt my grandmother had reason on her side. I was thinking of this the other day as I met a young man—a rather scruffy young man—with two greyhounds on a lead; he had a sharp-pointed nose and a somewhat furtive air, and so had the two hounds. The rule seemed to work. Then my mind went off at a tangent in the way it does when an association of ideas begins to ferment, and I began to think first of all the dogs I have known, not forgetting the golden cocker *Livy* and the bullterrier *Tarzan* who were notable characters in their day in my house; and secondly, of all those delectable animals who have been immortalised in paint throughout the centuries: Gainsborough's collies, the noble mastiffs (I think they're mastiffs) of Velasquez, right back to the sometimes queer creatures, ostensibly canine, who often gambol about the borders of mediæval illuminated manuscripts. But there was something missing—some exceptionally fine representation of the species which eluded my memory for the moment, and it did not come to me until the following morning, no doubt because of all the learned men who have written about the greatest of German masters, Dürer, not one, as far as I can recollect, has ever pointed out how miraculously he understood both the nature and the anatomy of dogs, and, indeed, of other animals. This is, I am well aware, a shamefully low-brow, or at least "mezzobrow" approach to one of the finest engravings in the world (Fig. 1); the answer to that is that great men paint or draw for everyone, not just for the *litterati*.

Anyway, it is certain that if you have an eye for a dog or a horse, you will find it difficult not to appreciate at least some part of this wonderful engraving. The subject is clear enough—the Vision of St. Eustace who, when hunting, saw the crucifix between the horns of the quarry. The pious and charming legend is made the occasion for a marvellously composed landscape and for detailed studies of the animals concerned and of every stick and stone, and leaf. Indeed, there is something fresh in this engraving every time you come to it—the wild flowers in the foreground, the swans on the little stream, the detail of the horse's bridle and bit, the way his tail is tied up, the saint's spurs and the beautifully rendered wrinkled high boots—all this meticulous craftsmanship at the service of a romantic temperament, yet disciplined by his feeling for formal design; a design which is almost mannered in the way in which each receding plane is filled by an animal or a tree or a building. In this composition the five hounds—who are really responsible for all these words, for it is they who have led me thus far—play a no less important part than Saint, landscape, trees, horse and stag; and here again we can only marvel at Dürer's powers of observation. Each beast is distinct from his neighbour in posture and almost in personality; I suppose the greyhound looking towards the horse is the nearest to a modern breed. I leave it to the



FIG. 1. "THE VISION OF SAINT EUSTACE": A MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING BY ALBRECHT DÜRER (1471-1528).

Frank Davis writes of this engraving which was made in 1502, "In this composition the five hounds . . . play a no less important part than the Saint, landscape, trees, horse and stag; and here again we can only marvel at Dürer's powers of observation. Each beast is distinct from his neighbour in posture and almost in personality . . ."



FIG. 2. "LE CHIEN D'ORNANS": BY GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877). (Canvas, 25½ by 32 ins.) This painting of a greyhound, by Gustave Courbet, was exhibited at the Lefèvre Gallery in November as one of the "Group of French Paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries." It is a study for the detail of "L'Enterrement d'Ornans"; and is signed and dated 1856.

EUROPEAN MASTERS OF THE 18TH CENTURY AT THE R.A.: A SECOND INSTALMENT OF SELECTED ILLUSTRATIONS.

ELEGANCE and artificiality are the qualities most popularly associated with Eighteenth-Century Art. The great painters of that day—particularly in France—were much occupied in producing decorative paintings to adorn the luxurious mansions of their Royal and aristocratic patrons. But they also recorded the beauties of nature in the landscapes of their several countries, and domestic scenes, as well as portraiture, inspired them. Boucher (favourite painter of Mme. de Pompadour), who in 1765 became Director of the Académie and Inspector of the Beauvais Tapestry manufactory, was such a many-sided artist. He produced elegant, erotic

[Continued below.]



"A LADY WITH A FAN"; BY JEAN-MICHEL MOREAU LE JEUNE (1741-1814). SIGNED AND DATED. (Red, black and white chalks on brown paper; 10½ by 9½ ins.)



"STILL LIFE WITH MELONS AND PEARS"; BY LUIS MENENDEZ (1716-1780). SIGNED LMDP (INDISTINCT). (25 by 33½ ins.) (Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A.)



"THE 'LITTLE DRAUGHTSMAN'"; BY NICOLAS-BERNARD LÉPICIE (1735-1784). THE MODEL IS PROBABLY CARLE VERNET, LÉPICIE'S PUPIL. (46 by 36 ins.) (M. Pierre David-Weill, New York.)



"SILENCE!"; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE GREUZE (1726-1805). ACQUIRED BY THE PRINCE REGENT. ENGRAVED BY JARDINIER AND LE CARP. (24½ by 20 ins.) (Graciously lent by H.M. the Queen.)



"LA MALICE" (MISCHIEF); BY NICOLAS LANCRET (1690-1743). FORMERLY IN THE COOK-COLLECTION, THEN IN THAT OF SIR HUGH LANE, WHO, IN 1918, BEQUEATHED IT TO THE GALLERY. (14½ by 11½ ins.) (The National Gallery of Ireland.)



"THE FOREST"; BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-1770). SIGNED AND DATED J. BOUCHER 1740. (50½ by 64 ins.) (Musée du Louvre, Paris.)



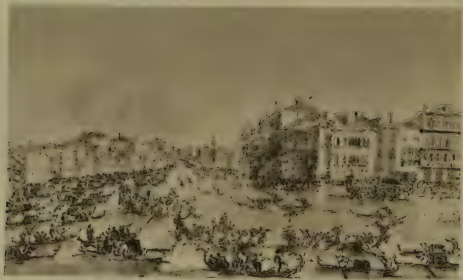
"THE MILL AT CHARENTON"; BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-1770). SIGNED AND DATED J. BOUCHER 1739. (Wood; 10½ by 13½ ins.) (Mrs. Derek Fitzgerald.)

Continued.] decorations for Mme. de Pompadour, distinguished portraits of her, admirable designs for tapestries, and, in addition, many landscapes of outstanding beauty, two of which are reproduced on this page. Examples of tapestries after cartoons by Boucher woven at the Beauvais manufactory have been graciously lent by H.M. the King of Sweden and are hung in the Central Hall of the Royal Academy Galleries in the current exhibition, "European Masters of the Eighteenth Century." Domesticity, too, inspired a number of eighteenth-century French painters, as well as English artists such as Morland and Hogarth; and in "Silence!", by

Greuze, graciously lent by her Majesty, a cosy family scene is presented; while such paintings as Lépicié's "The Little Draughtsman" and Lancret's "La Malice" are delightful representations of childhood. The still-life paintings of Luis Menendez, the Neapolitan-born artist who worked in Spain, are a feature of the exhibition. A number of fine French drawings and English water-colour drawings are on view. The drawing of a "Lady With a Fan," by Moreau le Jeune, is a sketch for the woman holding a fan in the composition "N'ayez pas peur, ma bonne amie," No. 4 of the second part of the "Monument du Costume" (1774-1783).

By permission of the Royal Academy.

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND ITALIAN ART OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: NOTABLE WORKS ON VIEW IN THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE R.A.



"REGATTA ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE"; BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793). After and before wash over black chalk; 14½ by 24 ins. (The Duc de Talleroend.)



"FETE DE RAMEURS"; BY JEAN-HONORÉ FRAGONARD (1732-1806). 1157 by 80 ins. (La Banque de France, Paris.)



"A FOUNTAIN IN A PARK"; BY HUBERT ROBERT (1733-1808). (Wood; 10½ by 7½ ins.) (Monsieur Guislain, Paris.)



"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"; BY GIOVANNI-BATTISTA TIEPOLO (1696-1779), WHO PAINTED A NUMBER OF EPISODES FROM THE STORY OF THESE LOVERS. (Wood; 17 by 13½ ins.) (Musée de Picardie, Amiens.)



"SIR CHRISTOPHER AND LADY SYKES," CALLED "EVENING WALK"; BY GEORGE ROMNEY (1734-1802). (Oil; 61 by 61 ins.) (Sir Richard Sykes, Bart.)



"MADAME DE POMPADOUR"; BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1733-1770). ONE OF TWO PORTRAITS OF LOUIS XV.'S MISTRESS BY HER FAVORITE ARTIST, IN THE EXHIBITION. (Oil; 23½ by 17½ ins.) (Mr. James de Rothschild.)



"ITALIAN SEA-PORT ON A HAZY MORNING"; BY JOSEPH VERNET (1714-1789). MENTIONED IN THE 1764 INVENTORY OF FLEBERRIG HALL, SEAT OF ITS PRESENT OWNER. (Oil; 40½ by 20½ ins.) (Mr. R. W. Kelton-Cremor.)

ON these pages we continue our second instalment of illustrations of works in the Exhibition of European Masters of the Eighteenth Century, which forms the winter attraction at the Royal Academy Galleries. Our readers will recall that the first selection was published on the opening day of the exhibition, November 27. One of the most important loans is the large Fragonard painting, "Fete de Saint-Cloud," generously lent by the Banque de France, Paris. This work of great beauty transports the beholder to a fairylike world of gaiety and grace, in which no approaching chill or presage of darkening sky intrudes to disturb the exquisite immortals who people the enchanted glades. Another important work in the exhibition is Tiepolo's "Banquet of Cleopatra." This was formerly in the collection of the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, and until 1933 was in the Hermitage. It was allowed it to return to Europe for this exhibition. We do not illustrate this picture, but we reproduce another Tiepolo painting of Antony and Cleopatra. Episodes of their story were painted a number of times by Tiepolo and culminated in his decorations for the ballroom of the



"THE ARTIST PAINTING A LADY'S PORTRAIT"; BY PIETRO LONGHI (1702-1788), A SUBJECT NOT UNCOMMON WITH THIS ARTIST. (Oil; 20½ by 15½ ins.) (Lieut.-Colonel W. Stirling of Keir.)



"HEAD OF A MAN AND STUDIES OF HANDS"; BY ANTOINE WATTEAU (1684-1721). (Red and black chalk; 6½ by 9½ ins.) (Sir David Eccles.)



"LADY MARIA SPENCER"; BY JEAN-ETIENNE LIOTARD (1702-1789), A WORK NEVER BEFORE EXHIBITED. (Paint; 24½ by 19½ ins.) (The Duke of St. Albans.)



"CHARLES, EARL OF DALKEITH"; BY SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY, R.A. (1753-1819). THE SITTER WAS LATER 4TH DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH. (Oil; 25 by 20 ins.) (The Duke of Buccleuch.)



"CHARLES LE NORMANT DU COUDRAY"; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE PERRONNEAU (1715-1783). THE SITTER WAS A CELEBRATED COLLECTION. (Oil; 25½ by 20½ ins.) (Mr. G. G. G. G. G.)



"LE COUCHER"; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE OUDRY (1686-1755). SIGNED AND DATED J. B. OUDRY 1740. (Oil; 35 by 25 ins.) (H.E. de Sordich-Ambassadeur in Paris.)



"L'ACCUEIL DE L'ÂNE" (THE DONKEY'S STABLE); BY JEAN-HONORÉ FRAGONARD (1732-1806). (Oil; 27½ by 21½ ins.) (Mme. J. Vall-Fland, Paris.)

Palazzo Labia, Venice. Portraiture of the various European schools is well represented, and the different styles form an interesting study. Romney's charming group, of Sir Christopher Sykes, second Bart. (1749-1803), and his wife, formerly Elizabeth Tatton, is known as "Evening Walk." Sir Christopher, who was Member of Parliament for Beverley from 1784-90, was a pioneer of agricultural development in the Yorkshire Wolds. The pastel portrait of Lady Maria Spencer,

daughter of the 1st Baron Vere, has never before been exhibited. It is interesting to note that when Sir William Beechey painted five portraits of the children of the Duke of Buccleuch in 1789, he executed the commission for 10 guineas each. One of the set, that of the Earl of Dalkeith, is on view. Boucher is well represented both by landscapes and decorative paintings and tapestries, as well as by two portraits of Madame de Pompadour. [By permission of the Royal Academy.]

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

PERSONAL novels—those which are obviously based on life—have their own hazards and advantages. Outward experience is a pure asset, as far as it goes; inner experience can go much further, but it is much less likely to come off. Mostly because the central figure is extremely difficult, and liable to strike the wrong note. But we have one "personal" novelist—if there are others I can't think of them—who brings it off infallibly. And she has now done it again. "Beyond the Glass," by Antonia White (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), resumes the life-story of Clara Batchelor just where it was suspended in "The Sugar House." But now, quite suddenly, there is a new kind of appeal, which seems to threaten a fresh danger. "Beyond the Glass" deals with going mad, being mad and recovery from madness. That is the jacket's summary; it is what we have all heard in advance; and it is what we naturally want to read about. Yet there is still some way to go; and one might think that the intense interest ahead was bound to make the early, "ordinary" chapters seem a trifle flat.

Not so, however; Clara's immediate state, her crisis in the present and her relations with father and mother, absorb one instantly as usual. She has now torn herself away from Archie Hughes-Follett, and their short, devastating marriage which was no marriage. Or, rather, the devoted and pathetic Archie has found the will to do it for her sake. Though both are Catholics, she can be free; this is a case of annulment. It will be horrible and very slow; and, of course, Claude Batchelor is shocked, while Isabel, who couldn't bear her son-in-law, rejoices openly. Clara herself feels nothing; all the despair and anguish have dried up, leaving her "null and void" for ever more. She is quite certain of it—in spite of warning signals from the gulf, which has been closer than she realised.

Then, from one moment to the next, she is in bliss. She has met Richard Crayshaw at a party. In himself he is a charming, commonplace young man, "the perfect subaltern"; but between him and Clara there is magic. They read each other's minds; they see each other at a distance. They are so demonstrably one that even Claude, with all his scrupulosity, fails to object. For Clara, living is now a mystical experience. Everyone is lovable. Everything is within her power. . . . The lightning flashes thick and fast—and she is raving mad.

But of the next nine months—the weird life of the padded cell, and the strange, fitful effort of recovery—I can say next to nothing. There is simply not room. Only that it is all absorbing, fascinating—and not in the least ugly. Madness, it seems, is full of terror; but it is also an enlargement, an apotheosis of experience. As one of the doctors says: "It's remarkable what people can do when the brakes are off." This we all find in dreams; but Clara's winged, untiring fantasies strike one with envy. The fascinating theme almost withdraws attention from the style—as though the "mad scenes" had composed themselves. But they are written with extraordinary brilliance.

OTHER FICTION.

"Tents Against the Sky," by Robert Ekvall (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is a most cheerful, extroverted little work, vastly indebted to the subject, but quite worthy of it. The hero is a Tibetan nomad—or, as the idiom has it, a "brave son." Though he is also, at the start, a little monk. And in the tale we find, not only a picture of manners, both in the lamasery and among the tents, but a delightful series of adventures and a spiritual conflict.

Dorje Rinchen (or by his pet name, Doka) became a monk at seven years old. He is a single-minded boy, and devotes all his energies to being a good one. Nor has he swerved as a young man—though he can't deny that Aku Lobzong has a weakness for pelf, and the head lama for handsome acolytes, and though his great friend Trinlan is a mocker, and at last a wanlog. (These wanlogs—renegades—are quite thick on the ground, though not in good religious odour.) Then comes the threat of a marauding army. Doka is sent off with a yak-train, encounters Trinlan's sister in the mist, and breaks his vow. So he, too, is a wanlog—and, as before, he does it thoroughly; he returns to his father's tent, carries off Lhate in the middle of a blood-feud, and turns his single-mindedness to being a "brave son" and a man of mark. And his success is wonderful; but retribution follows. Nothing can ward it off; not the expensive ceremonies he can now afford, not even pilgrimage to Lhasa. Nothing, the lama says, but to return as a "half-monk." Which he is going to do, when he is saved by an encounter with the "Yellow Head," and timely change of faith.

It is an attractive story all round—fresh, full of incident, with great charm in the dialogue.

"The Desperate Hours," by Joseph Hayes (André Deutsch; 10s. 6d.), is so obviously well done, so patently atrocious, and in a way so natural and such a bright idea, that it may have caught me in the wrong mood. It is a story of three convicts who have broken gaol. They are heading for Indianapolis—Glenn Griffin's native town, therefore the place will be looked for. Only, he means to lodge with some nice people in the suburbs. . . . The lot falls on the Hilliard family. And there is not a thing they can do. Someone is constantly in pawn; and when the thugs at last clear out, they will take hostages. If the police come, there will be instant murder. And they are slowly getting on the trail. . . . A brilliant set-up, expertly handled; and that I found it lifeless at the core may have been just bad luck.

In "Valse Macabre," by Kathleen Moore Knight (Hammond; 9s. 6d.), Penberthy Island gets a preview of the elaborate baroque organ, which Hugo Forde has just imported from Vienna for his Miami night-club. So does the homespun sleuth, Elisha Macomber. Also, he sees the Blue Danube Waltz, with Christy Nevens as the star, and gathers that she is not loved by everyone at Holly Hill. And then her husband turns up from Korea, only to learn that she has drowned herself in a few inches of water. He is incredulous. So is Elisha. But a second murder—because the victim recognised a pair of sandals on the rubbish-dump—quickly removes all doubt. Light and suspenseful, with an agreeable New England sleuth—though one may spot the killer on æsthetic grounds.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ANOTHER FAMOUS OCTOGENARIAN.

I MUST confess that I found Mr. Somerset Maugham's introduction to "The Partial View" (Heinemann; 15s.) brave, moving and a little pathetic. This book is an omnibus volume which contains "The Summing Up," which he wrote twenty years ago, and "A Writer's Notebook." In "A Writer's Notebook" he wrote a final chapter when he was seventy, which he now reprints. It deals with old age. That was some ten years ago. Now Mr. Maugham makes yet another valedictory bow to his readers and some words on old age which will bring great comfort to the many people I know who dread that state. He finds much compensation in the fact that "Old age liberates you from envy, hatred and malice." Ambition is all left behind; emulation a thing of the past; fame, success, failure, equally things of no moment. Only the loss of an inevitably dwindling band of,

old and tried friends is "one distress incident to old age, however, for which I know no remedy." For the young writer "The Summing Up" will contain much to hearten and encourage, much to make him despair. If ever there was a model for the aspirant it is Mr. Maugham, but how many young writers to-day will be able to say at the age of sixty, "I have never wanted a subject. I have always had more stories in my head than I ever had time to write." (This from the author of thirty-two novels, twenty plays and three films.) "A Writer's Notebook" will furnish part of the explanation—the amazing capacity for observation displayed by Mr. Maugham. Mr. Maugham, as a young man, cannot drop anchor in a rotting tropical harbour with a handful of seedy European residents without him being able, with a few deft strokes of his pencil, to catch their characteristics, their failings, all the pathetic weaknesses which beset mankind, in such a way that you can see clearly outlining the skeleton of the notes a series of "Maugham characters" and the plot of another Maugham novel. His many-sidedness, too, emerges from these notes. There is the familiar accidulated, cynical Maugham; there is even the genial Maugham and the funny Maugham—as in the fragment: "He told me that his wife was rather silent and that he wished he could get her to talk. 'Good heavens,' I said, 'start reading a newspaper. That'll immediately set her chattering like a magpie!'" I said at the beginning of this column that this latest book was both brave and pathetic—pathetic, because Mr. Maugham, at the end of his life, can do no more than express elegant scepticism as to the possibility of there being a God, and brave because of the stoicism with which he faces the inevitable corollary. "But," he concludes, "these are grave subjects for which, even if I had the capacity to deal with them, this is not the place. For I am like a passenger waiting for his ship at a war-time port. I do not know on which day it will sail, but I am ready to embark at a moment's notice. I leave the sights of the city unvisited. I do not want to see the fine new speedway along which I shall never drive, nor the grand new theatre, with all its modern appliances, in which I shall never sit. I read the papers and flip the pages of a magazine, but when somebody offers to lend me a book I refuse because I may not have time to finish it, and in any case with this journey before me I am not of a mind to interest myself in it. I strike up acquaintances at the bar or the card-table, but I do not try to make friends with people from whom I shall so soon be parted. I am on the wing." But that, incidentally, as I say, was written ten years ago. Let us trust that it will be many years yet before Mr. Maugham's ship clears harbour.

A few years ago I had the pleasure of reviewing Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's excellent book on Spain. He now follows it up by "Portugal and Madeira" (Batsford; 18s.). I love Spain and I am very fond of Portugal. I have often wondered how to express the difference between these two Iberian nations. Mr. Sitwell hits it off perfectly. "... the contrasts," he writes, "between Portugal and Spain are divergencies of similarity. They are members of the same family who bear little or no resemblance to each other, and nothing is more confusing than brothers and sisters of the same parents who are not alike." As he points out, what a gulf of temperament there is between the sentimental *jado* and the music of Seville. He finds that "what is lacking in Portugal is the tragedy in Spain. That, and its sombre magnificence. Instead, there is pastoral or Arcadian poetry, whether of whispering pinewoods, or of vine-clad valleys." He is, of course, entirely right. And, indeed, I suspect that Mr. Sitwell (who is a gentle-natured person), for all his love of the superb baroque art of, for example, the chapel at El Paular, in the Guadarrama, finds the quaint absurdities of the Manoelino style rather more to his taste. But, as I say, to be fond of Portugal is not to detract from one's love of Spain. They are complementary, not mutually exclusive. To like sweet does not make you allergic to meat. This is a charming book which revives for me many happy memories of Portugal.

An attractive book which depends as much on the quality of its illustrations as on the text is "Wake," by Keith Shackleton (Lutterworth; 31s. 6d.). I am not surprised to learn that Mr. Shackleton, a young Scottish writer and painter, had his first picture in the Academy at the age of seventeen. Certainly that early promise has been fulfilled, to judge by the charming illustrations, both in colour and in black-and-white, with which he embellishes this pleasantly written book. Mr. Shackleton's passion in life evidently is small-boat sailing, and this book deals formlessly but charmingly with the delights to be found in sailing small boats in the tidal waters round our coasts.

Another of Mr. Shackleton's interests is wild-fowling and the observation of wild-fowl. His sketches of wild-fowl are as good as anything by Peter Scott—and one can't say fairer than that!

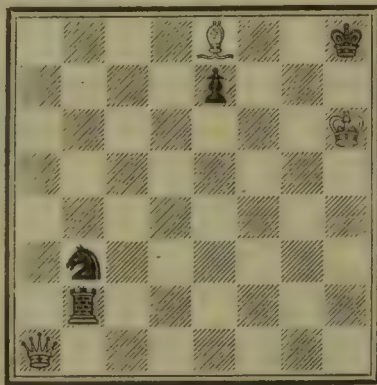
It is perhaps a little depressing to go from 14-ft. dinghies and wild-fowling punts to the monsters bristling with weapons and guided missile launching-ramps illustrated in this year's version of "Jane's Fighting Ships," edited by Raymond V. B. Blackman (Sampson Low; 4 gns.). This is a book which is an annual delight for anyone with an interest in the world's navies. It is so comprehensive, however, that it is virtually impossible to review. All one can say is that it is as absorbingly interesting as usual—and once again, one can't say fairer than that! E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THIS week's diagrams depict a very new problem, and a position from a very old game. There is little to link them except that each caught the Chess Editor's eye . . . but were not some noble dynasties founded on some bygone catching of a roving eye?

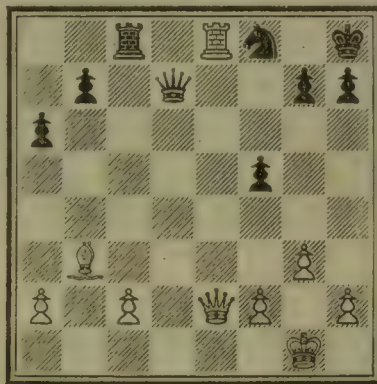
Two Dutchmen, one better known as a promising young player, collaborated in the production of this light and graceful problem:



By BOUWMEESTER and GROENEVELD.

White (playing up the board) to move, and mate in two.

Remember, don't look below for the solution until you have had a good try. Whatever Black's reply, White mates on move No. 2.



This position occurred just eighty-eight years ago in a game between LIPSCHUETZ and SCHALLOPP. White now won the game by the sensational move . . .

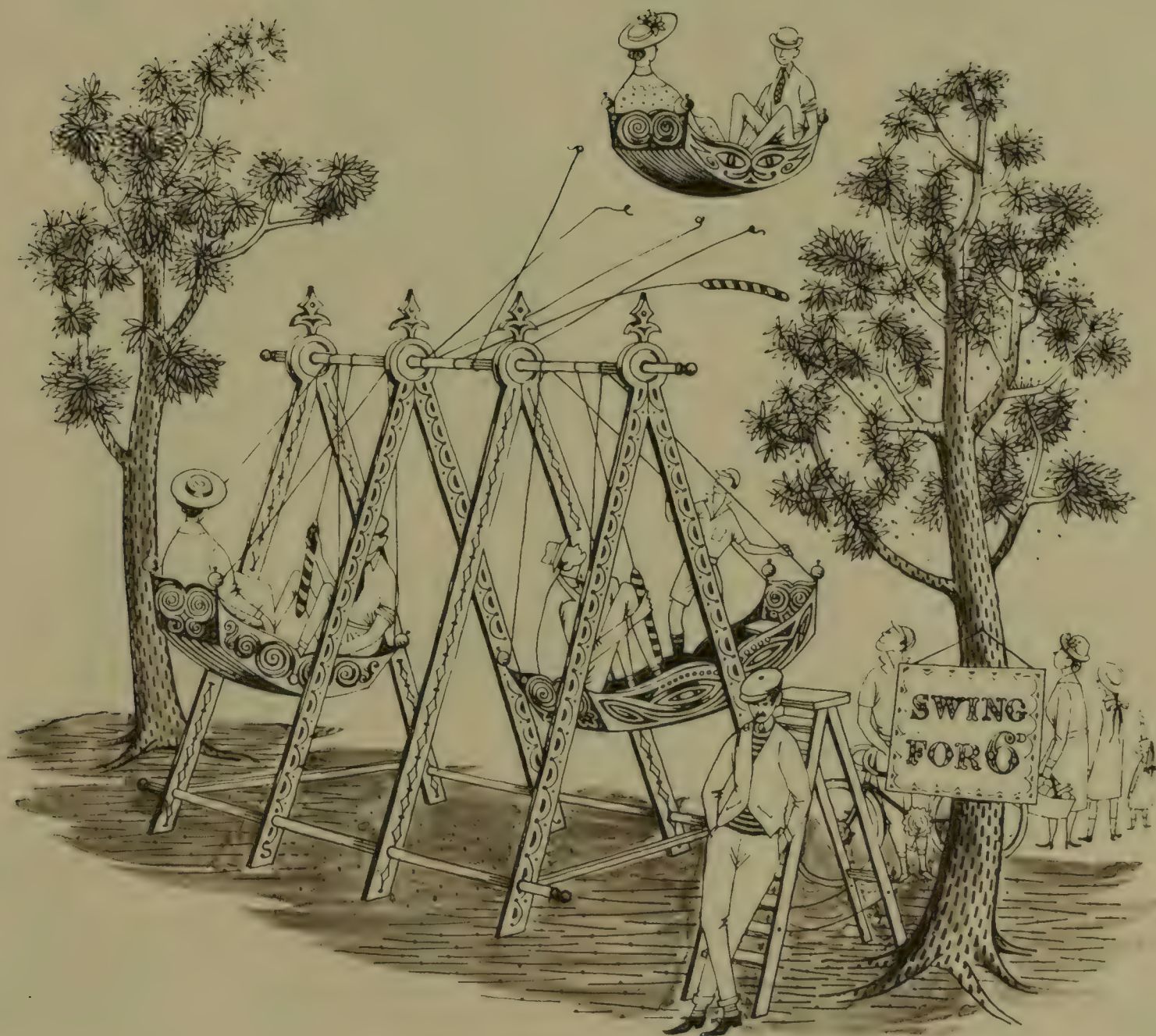
SOLUTIONS.

To the first diagram: 1. Q-R8! E.g., 1. . . . R-KR7ch; 2. B-R5 dis ch mate; or 1. . . . R-QR7; 2. B-R4 dis ch mate; or 1. . . . Kt-B4 (to delay the mate by 2. . . . R-KKt1). 2. B-Kt5 dis ch mate, and so on.

The theme is simple but attractive; the bishop can be forced to play to any one of the seven different squares at its disposal, according as Black replies to the key-move. 2. B-Kt6 dis ch is the only way to mate after 1. . . . R-KKt7, for instance. I have given you four of the mates: can you find how the other three are forced?

The game was decided by 1. Q-B4!

This threatens 2. Q-Kt8 mate and if Black, to prevent this, plays 1. . . . R×Q, he is mated by 2. R×Kt instead.



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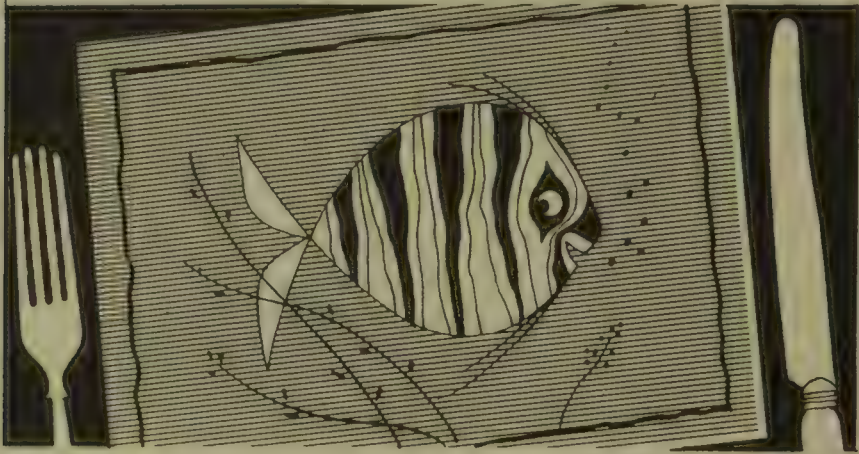
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You consider yourself an authority on gins then?

No, an authority on what I like.



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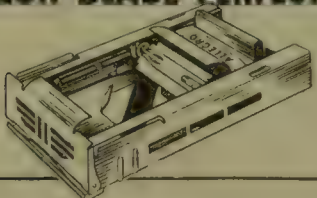
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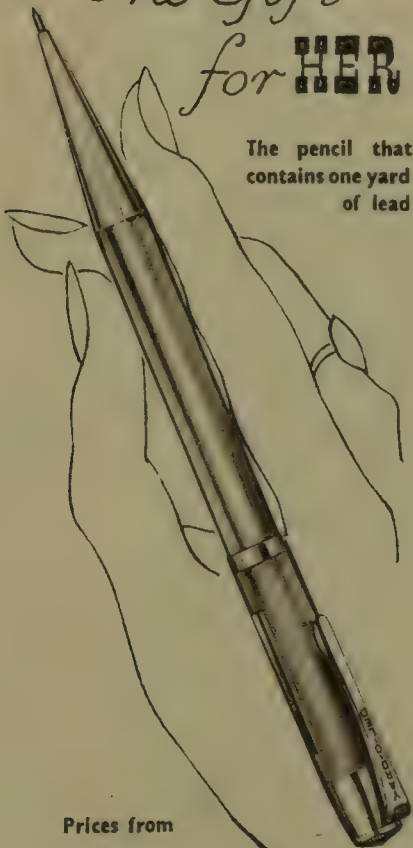
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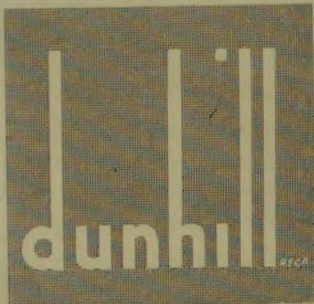
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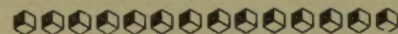
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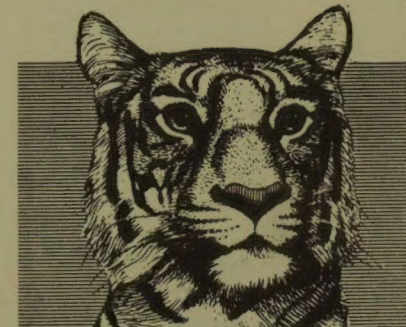
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